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Sunday, March 29, 1936

# Work-A-Day Lady

by Maysie Greig

## CHAPTER I.

CAROL had heard of Serge Chalonner, of course. There were few in the commercial world who hadn't, and those who hadn't didn't count. The name Serge Chalonner signified the highest grade of commercial photography. You had only to open any high-class magazine to be confronted by the work of the Chalonner Studios.

It might be a group of charming girls discussing the excellence of a certain brand of lingerie; or an advertisement for a set of saucapans, perhaps, with such a high gloss that you felt impelled to rush to the nearest hardware store and restock your kitchen entirely. It might be the lovely girl on the magazine cover, a miracle of color photography.

When Carol went around to Chalonier Studios to apply for a job she knew nothing at all about the photography business. She had been a gown model. For the past three years she had modeled gowns for Cheri Ltd. Cheri was a man. A fierce, fat, pompous Frenchman whose real name was Monsieur Henri.

He had the reputation of having the loveliest models in the trade. But though he had an excellent eye for faces

and figures, his interest in both was purely professional. Carol was nineteen when she first went to work for Cheri Ltd. She was twenty-two when the blow fell.

"My models," M. Henri said, "zey must have no bust, no tummies and especially no 'ips." He flung up his hands in horror at the last word. Hips were M. Henri's anathema.

"But I can't help having all those things," Carol complained. "I was born with them, wasn't I? For the last three years I've tried to look like an animated walking-stick. I thought I'd succeeded."

"You have put on four pounds in the last six months," M. Henri pointed out fiercely.

"Gosh, have I?" Carol exclaimed. "It must be that lettuce leaf I had the other night for dinner."

M. Henri smiled. He had a nice smile, when a wealth of crinkles appeared under his small twinkling eyes.

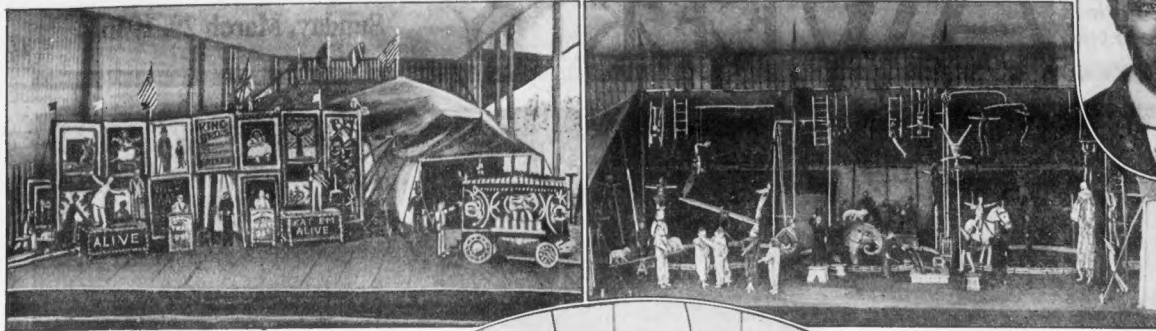
"You 'ave intelligence," he told her, "and a model's life is no life for a girl with intelligence. I'm firing you but

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(Continued on Page 15)



# "Hurry! Hurry! The Biggest Little Show On Earth"



Mr. Carmichael's Miniature Circus, as Seen From the Front, Where Even the Wagons Are Wrought in the Most Delicate Detail.

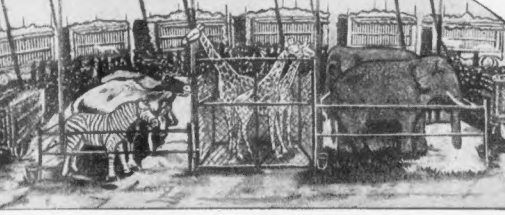
**H**M. CARMICHAEL, of Red Oak, Iowa, is a shipping clerk in a factory, but he's the community's first citizen and known from one end of the State to the other as the man who made the "biggest little show on earth." Once a year when he puts on his extravaganza, free of cost to the crowds that flock to see it, Red Oak makes a sort of legal holiday of the occasion and pays tribute to Mr. Carmichael's skill and patience.

The show, as the photographs on this page reveal, has all the earmarks of a real circus. From the miniature ticket wagon surrounded by tiny wooden figures to the "big top" and the menagerie, everything that should be in a circus is there, on a platform that occupies a space only 40 feet long and 35 feet wide.

Diminutive barkers make

their apels—with the help of hidden phonographs supplied with specially made records. The side-show boasts a long-necked woman, a fat girl, a bearded lady, a sword-swallower—even a hootchy-kootchy dancer who wiggles seductively. Under the "big top" the clown tumbles around and makes funny noises, bareback riders circle the little rings on broad-rimmed horses.

Overhead gymnasts fly through the air with the greatest of ease. A miniature figure in blue lights a snake nimbly across a tight-rope and a dare-devil is shot from



In His Arduous Work to Carve Out a Complete Show, Necessitating 30,000 Pieces, the Owner of the Biggest Little Show Included This Interesting Menagerie.

a cannon. The phonograph record provides a realistic "boom" at exactly the right moment.

The menagerie is surprisingly complete. It numbers elephants, camels,

long-necked giraffes, zebras, lions, tigers, monkeys, seals, and all the rest of the usual animals that do their stuff for the amusement of circus patrons. A red-coated band blares away in true

crowds forget that they are not watching the goings-on at a real circus.

The Main Ring, With Something Going On Every Minute. The Man On the Flying Trapeze Is, of Course, One of the Popular Figures.

tanbark fashion with those familiar "laa-taa" to mark the finish of each act staged in the sawdust-covered rings and in the center "arena."

All the action and the accompanying sound effects are provided, behind the scenes by Mr. Carmichael and his wife. Out of sight, they work like beavers, pulling wires, throwing switches, placing records on phonographs and out front the

and there are 30,000 separate units— is realistically painted. The owner of the show has had many chances to cash in on his imagination and hard work, but he keeps the attraction in Red Oak and never charges admission. "It brings pleasure to others," he says, "that's enough for me. My boyhood ambition was to own a circus. In a small way my dream has come true."

Mr. Carmichael, Whose Tiny Circus Draws Crowds at Intervals to Red Oak, Iowa.

formers and all the rest of the impedimenta were made by Mr. Carmichael during the past ten years and in his spare time. Most of the work was done with a jackknife, even to the tiniest spoke on wheels no bigger than a dime. Every piece is meticulously painted.



One of the Scarcrow Snakes, Atop a Pole in San Antonio, Designed to Frighten Away the Destructive Woodpeckers.

## Why Woodpeckers Shun San Antonio

**D**OWN San Antonio way there are as many woodpeckers as ever—and that's plenty of woodpeckers—but the birds have quit drilling on the wooden poles of the Central Power & Light Company and, thus, costing the concern thousands of dollars every year.

For a long time it seemed there just wasn't any way of preventing the woodpeckers from their depredations and then someone had the bright idea of devising a special scarecrow—not an old suit of clothes stuffed with straw, but a representation of something that the woodpeckers shy away from.

More than anything, a woodpecker steers clear of a chicken snake, and that was the form that the old scarecrow took. A representation of the reptile was placed on a few poles to find out whether they did the job for which they were intended.

Watchers observed that the birds with a fondness to turn out hundreds of metal pennies of the chicken snake. The photograph at the left shows how a pole looks with one of these objects fastened to it.

For many miles round and about

the City of San Antonio, inmates decorated the company's poles with the snakes, which were painted in garish colors so that they would attract the eyes of the woodpeckers and discourage them from lighting and going noisily and destructively to work.

One foolhardy and intrepid woodpecker had the effrontery to attach himself to one of the man-made reptiles and take a whack at it with his beak. The investigator nearly snapped his head off beating a tattoo on the brittle metal. He may have discovered that the snake isn't real, but it is assumed that he hasn't been near one of the decorated poles since.

The bright idea has attracted a great deal of attention and may open up a whole new theory of scarecrow making. Farmers in Southern Texas may adopt the novel scheme of protection and fasten phony snakes to their fruit trees.

Many other birds that used to light on the power company's poles have given up the habit. They are as afraid of the snakes as the woodpeckers and spot the metal scarecrows as quickly. This is no hardship, however, for there's plenty of room in the Lone Star State for all the birds that live there.

Josephine was given to Trevor by Dr. Harry Egan, who lives down in the Panama Canal Zone, and for a time he kept his room at a temperature of 80 degrees because the box constructor feels heat with the mercury at that high level. But his roommates protested and other arrangements had to be made. Trevor plans to take his extraordinary mascot to a woodland camp where he is a director of nature study and has a snake-house with 200 specimens captured in the vicinity.

The snake's owner, Frank Trevor, wouldn't think of getting rid of the

## Fraternity Has Oldest Pet

**N**O COLLEGE fraternity is considered completely equipped without a mascot of some kind. The usual "first" pet is a dog, or a cat. A few of the establishments show more imagination and originality and go in for snakes and goats.

The palm for old pets, however, belongs to a fraternity house at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, which boasts a young box constructor who answers to the name of Josephine. Not all of the seekers after knowledge who live in the house are enthusiastic about their unusual pet. If they could arrange it so, they would gladly present Josephine to some other chapter of their order and rest easier at night with her out of the premises.

The snake's owner, Frank Trevor, wouldn't think of getting rid of the

box constructor and insists that she wouldn't harm anyone, least of all a student of Cornell. He keeps the serpent in his room and has no trouble at all concentrating on his books even when Josephine crawls out of her box and slips her glimmering length over bureau and chair. Mr. Trevor, who has a way with snakes, explains that the pet is doing the best she can without any jungle trees to slither up.

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The decision was im-



Miss Wani, 18, Who Has Been Selected as the Most Beautiful Girl To Be Crowned in Siam. She Will Represent That Country in This Year's International Beauty Contests.

## A Ferryboat on Stilts

**S**EATTLE has an ultra-modern steamferry. Germany has one that travels on cables and never has touched the water. Other countries have similar craft that are propelled by men pulling on ropes and horses walking on treadmills. But the prize for strange ferries probably belongs to the village of Bighury, England, where the contraption shown in the photograph at the right makes many trips every day.

This machine really is not a boat at all, although it travels through the water of the quarter-mile inlet that separates Bighury from Burgh Island. It is, as the picture shows, a caterpillar tractor fitted with a steel platform supported by rods. Naturally, the machine was built to order and the passenger platform is high enough above the water so that it would not be awash at high tide.

The city fathers had quite a time of it before they decided on the type of ferry that would be best to meet their particular transportation problem. The narrow inlet between the coast and the island had about a foot of water in it at low tide, hardly enough to float even a wide and shallow scow. They tried several flat-bottomed scows and the boats were always running aground on the sandy bottom.

Finally they called in an engineer

whose job it is to tackle such problems and, after a study of the situation, he saw that the community did not need a boat at all but a machine that would travel on the bottom and have a "kick" sufficiently high to keep passengers and freight dry.

He drew up specifications for the device that, as one citizen of Bighury said, looks like a ferryboat on stilts.

The curious "boat" is powered by a gasoline motor and is controlled by the fellow standing in the "bow." It has a steering gear connected with the pair of wheels beneath the front end of the machine and can turn almost in its own length. Of course, it is not capable of much speed, but it can travel at a rate of ten miles an hour, with a dozen persons on its elevated "deck," and cover the distance between the shore and the island in less than two minutes.

In rainy weather a canvas tarpaulin is stretched over the pipe framework that extends over the platform and its seats for the comfort of riders.



This Is a Ferryboat That Never Floats, but Yet It Crosses the Stream. It Is Used by Passengers Who Want to Go From the Village of Bighury, Devon, England, to and From Burgh Island.

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## Siam's New Beauty Queen

**T**HE DUSKY-FACED, slanty-eyed citizens of Siam may have their political and economic worries but they are a philosophical race and take some things in their stride. In Bangkok and elsewhere in the eastern empire business is pretty much as usual and the populace is not too upset to go in for such pleasant pastimes as beauty contests.

The other day several thousand people gathered in a temple-like hall in the capital to watch a parade of the country's most beautiful girls and find out what the judges were going to do about picking a current queen of beauty.

For a whole day the gentlemen charged with the enviable job of appraising the faces and figures of a score of charming contest winners from every section of the country gazed, pondered and chattered among themselves—and then they unanimously awarded the coveted crown to Miss Wani.

The decision was im-

mensely popular. The audience rose in its seats and, to a man, shouted the Siamese equivalent of "bravo" and "hurray." The newspapers of the land listed the way of the judges, too, and published many pictures of "Miss Siam, 1934."

The newspapers, probably reflecting some of the western-world notions of one-time King Prajadhipok, remarked on the excellent chances of their new beauty queen capturing the international crown when she goes, with her entourage, to the world pageant of pulchritude. They pointed, with considerable pride, to the fact that the judges had broken away from the traditional conception of feminine beauty and had not picked a girl "too Oriental" in appearance.

"Except for her dark, almond eyes," says one of the newspaper comments, "Miss Wani might be a sun-tanned, English, American or French girl. She does not look like one of our immobile faces temple dancers. She has warmth and charm as well as a type of face that many Occidental painters and sculptors would find interesting. Perhaps Siam has the good fortune to possess in its new queen a 'Miss Universal'."

One eminent French artist, who was in Bangkok when the new queen was crowned with elaborate ceremony, is inclined to agree with this hopeful view.



# "No Fool Like An Old Fool"

**Aged Princess de Broglie, Who Married Europe's Most Disreputable Prince, Goes Broke Just as Her Family Predicted**

**Her Millions and Jewels Squandered on Her Dissolute Young Husband, She Is Forced at Last to Sell Her Historic Chateau—All She Had Left**

**"NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL,"** even if she's royal, said relatives, friends—in fact, everyone who heard of it when the aged Princess Annette de Broglie insisted on marrying the outcast Prince Louis Ferdinand de Bourbon. "She could not have found a more abominable man outside of an institution. He will run through everything she has in a few years."

It took just six years to fulfill that prophecy. Long ago the last of her securities had been sold, followed by the heirloom de Broglie jewels. Then went the broad acres of Jardin de Lettre, the ancestral domain that had come down from medieval times and yielded in rents an annual income to the old Princess of 1,000,000 francs a year. After that she lost her mansion in the Rue Solferino, Paris, and finally, only the other day, the historic Chateau de Chaumont-sur-Loire, where for centuries kings and others of the world-famous characters have been entertained, including Benjamin Franklin. That, too, has gone under the hammer with all its priceless accumulations of art treasures during ages.

The Princess was seventy-four years old and the Prince forty-two, in 1935, when this wedding took place—which made it idiotic enough to begin with. But the usual excuse when an unmarried girl with a potent title and a fortune was lacking in this case. She was already a Princess of royal blood, with a real title so old that nobody knows when it first started. By marrying Louis she changed it for a title that had been canceled in disgrace.

For many years he had been known as "Louis the unspeakable," and he was that precisely in the court of his cousin, King Alfonso of Spain, where nobody mentioned in the royal presence that this wretched relative existed. But his vicious behavior was so much talked about among the common people that finally something had to be done. After repeated warnings to be decent, the head of the Bourbon dynasty had to disown Louis, strip him of his titles, forbid him to call himself one of the family, and kick him out of Spain entirely. He did not do this purging soon enough, because much use of "Louis the unspeakable" was made in the revolutionary propaganda which a little later forced Alfonso to abdicate.

Louis the outcast then went to Paris, where his behavior was so abominable that he achieved the record of being kicked out of France also. As an object of curiosity and contempt, he was sitting alone in a restaurant in the Italian part of the Riviera when someone pointed him out to the aged Princess de Broglie as "the rottenest specimen in Europe."

Instead of looking at the degraded ex-prince with contempt, the queer old woman fell for him and insisted on meeting the outcast whom nobody wished to be seen with. Next, to everyone's astonishment, it became known that she was planning to marry him.

The de Broglie family rose up in horror and begged the courts of France to forbid such obvious folly. They not only laid before the court unprintable things which were already commonly known on the boulevards of Paris, but many more which the Spanish royal family had managed to keep hidden about the precious Louis.

The court agreed that it was the height of folly and the most execrable bad taste imaginable. It did not deny that any woman, old or young, who would want such a creature for a husband was a fool. But, unfortunately, there were legal precedents that to be a fool to the extent of folly in love and marriage does not constitute legal insanity. It is everyone's inalienable right to marry the wrong person—and most of them do.



up to the authorities. Also if it was so awful for Louis to be kicked out of a couple of countries, what about what the Greeks did to Princess Marguerite? she and her Mexican boy-friend of the moment had themselves photographed nude among the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens. He protested that it was too dreadful that the ancient and historic castle at Chaumont-sur-Loire should be desecrated by the disgusting Bourbons and the low creatures with whom he associates. But it was brought out that he was an opium addict, and when he visited at the chateau, the Princess had to tuck him away in a suite of rooms in Ambrose Tower, where the other guests would not have to smell his opium pipe.

It also seems that opium gave Horace the delusion that he was one of the many ghosts of persons murdered by Catherine de Medici, who once owned the chateau, and is supposed to "haunt" the place. Besides cats, rats, bats and scorpions, servants, it was most unpleasant to have a walling, gibbering madman in ghostly costume strolling around at night. Charlotte said he was "a person to make her skin crawl, being lonely."

"The night when I was at Chaumont, as a guest of the Princess," one of Say's friends tells, "I saw, like a strange dream, Horace enter my room, carrying an incense burner glowing with lighted coals, and chanting a dirge. I felt as though I were in an open coffin, awaiting at my own burial. This was all the more real when I discovered that it was in this same Renaissance Chateau that Catherine de Medici did away with her enemies."

Horace explained that he was merely indulging in a little practical joke. "Then don't make so much stress of my joking," answered the Princess. "These became useful brought up their playful trick of telegraphing distant and needy relatives, that was on her deathbed. The relatives would come to see her and see to be in at the death, so she would not feel hurt and change the will in case they were in it. She would laugh heartily at their sad but slightly expectant countenances, as they entered what they supposed was the death chamber."

The Chateau de Chaumont-sur-Loire is one of the oldest and most famous of France. It was frequently visited by Leonardo da Vinci and Francis I. Catherine de Medici bought it in 1560, just after the death of her husband, King Henry II, and is said to have plotted there many of the assassinations which later made her infamous. About the middle of the eighteenth century it came into the hands of Jacques de Say, who kept up the artistic traditions by adding to its art collections and inviting artists to visit him.

One of these was Nini, who used the fine sand of the River Loire to execute some of his ceramic masterpieces. While he was there came an unusually interesting guest, Benjamin Franklin, first American Ambassador to France, who soon the help of that nation for the American colonies in the Revolution.

It is said that in the kitchens of this chateau Franklin learned the secret of one of his greatest but least-known benefactions to his own country. Up to that time European victors were almost unanimous in their diaries and letters about the dreadful quality of American bread. When Franklin came to France he learned for the first time there was such a thing as good bread. During his stay, he asked to his other accomplishments that of expert baker. Returning, the great statesman taught American housewives how to produce bread that was fit to eat.



The Outcast Prince Louis in His Uniform as a Spanish Prince, Which Was Stripped From Him.



Foolish Old Princess de Broglie Beside Her Bridegroom, Prince Louis de Bourbon, ex-King Alfonso's Cousin, Who Had Been Kicked Out of Two Countries for His Bad Habits.



Satiric Little Cartoon Showing Princess de Broglie and Her Strange Menagerie of Dogs, Roosters and a Donkey, to Which She Had Added Prince Louis. Printed in a French Paper After Her Silly Marriage.

The de Broglie family could only wring its hands and watch the Bourbon fall dressed up in a uniform covered with medals that no longer meant anything, burning up the assets of the estate in an endless series of carousals. Now that almost nothing is left, everyone expected Louis to leave and fasten himself on some heiress whose fortune had not yet been spent. Perhaps the reason he has not done so is because nobody is silly enough to have him. Yet, only a year before he married his present wife, he almost succeeded in capturing Mabelle Gilman Grier, the very wealthy divorced wife of a former president of the United States Steel Trust.

Also there is still one last downfall to spend, enough probably to keep them going at their usual speed for another couple of years. The French Government, it has just been learned, offered the Princess 4,000,000 francs

(\$210,000) cash for a deed to the castle and agreed to let her remain in it rent and tax free as long as she lives. In addition there is a verbal understanding that Prince Louis may also live there during this time provided his morals do not become too awful and he and his queer friends do not damage the property.

M. Paul Borcier, Minister of Foreign Affairs, made the offer personally and it is estimated that the Government would be in possession in about two years. The old lady cannot live forever, especially at her present pace. But even if she should continue to cheat the grave indefinitely, this strange pair will almost certainly have blown this last money within a couple of years and be unable to live in such an expensive place and immediate possession can then be arranged.

In the legal fight to restrain the Princess from marrying, many inter-

esting peculiarities of her side of the family were brought to light. She was originally Charlotte Say, of the wealthy and influential French sugar refining family Say, which won a financial power in the time of Napoleon and most all the time since. Her husband, Prince Annette de Broglie, which has the trick French pronunciation of Bro-yee, was a member of the French Army General Staff and died of overwork during the war.

To show that besides her desire to marry the unspeakable Bourbon, she had other signs of eccentricity, she traveled with a regular menagerie of pet animals and when one of them died she would erect over it

grave a marble column worthy of a great human personage. This menagerie included seven assorted dogs, six roosters, a donkey and, finally, Prince Louis.

To offset this she told one of her daughter, the Princess Marguerite de Broglie, who was one of the most noble of her mother's maternalist desires. The daughter had inherited a splendid mansion, with most expensive furnishings in the Rue de l'Université, Paris, but very little income with which to maintain it. But having a title she was able to turn it into one of those high-bat boarding houses in which the boarders are called "raying guests" and gladly pay double for everything considering that they breathe the same atmosphere as a Princess.

These guests raised quite a rumormongering because their noble families insisted on harboring three fugitives from justice who climbed into bed with them and played havoc with their belongings. They were three monkeys that had escaped from the zoo, entered the Princess's window and made themselves at home. She had refused to give them

# London's Spectacular Dance Of The Vampire Bat



The Start of the New Vampire Bat Dance at Grosvenor House, London, Featuring Flora Duane and Abd El Hadi (the Lady Who Impersonates the Bat).



Seemingly Unhindered by Any Costume, Miss Duane Resists, Then Succumbs to the Evil Attack of the Black, Forbidding Creature.

NOT in many seasons have Londoners waxed so enthusiastic over a dancing team as they have at the Terrachovian antics of blonde Flora Duane and her partner, Abd El Hadi, the brunette daughter of a Moroccan chieftain. These young women, starting in the cabaret show at Grosvenor House, have been "packing 'em in" since their first performance of a number called the "Dance of the Vampire Bat."

The British capital has seen diversions of this order before, but this dance has a fascination that even the critics of such goings-on find difficult to explain. The exhibition is, for London, "daring" because Miss Duane—who is beautiful of face and shapely of body—appears to do her part of the number in the nude. But modesty in itself, is not enough to attract and hold the attention of English night club patrons and the popularity of the

dance is, probably, due to the dramatic nature of the offering and the skilful manner in which it is presented.

At the beginning of the dance Miss Duane appears alone. Her gestures make it apparent that she is filled with fear, that something evil and sinister is pursuing her. Then Miss Abd El Hadi enters the picture. Her costume, for all its simplicity, makes her look very much like a vampire bat and her gestures, said to be the result of an actual study of the fearsome creature she represents, are more than graceful movements done to music. They manage to give the impression that the dark figure is sly, predatory and dangerous.

All through the dance is cleverly timed. The naked girl keeps out of the enfolding black wings by a series of

nimble-footed twistings and turnings, but it is a hopeless flight and, little by little, she tires and seems to fall under the evil spell of the creature. With every contact her resistance wanes and, in the climax, her pale body is wrapped in the sable wings and she seems calmly resigned to death.

A few somewhat prudish people who have seen the Dance of the Vampire Bat have professed to be "shocked" by it. They think that Miss Duane might, without detracting from the drama of the number, wear a few more clothes, and that the dance itself is more suited to the Parisian than the London trade. Those critics are not many, however, and Grosvenor House continues to star the dancers, thus pleasing night clubbers and with the okay of the censors.



But, of Course, Abd El Hadi Pursues the Pretty Young Dancer. Abd El Hadi, by the Way, Is the Daughter of a Moroccan Chieftain.

The dance is done to a simple and familiar formula but there's something about it that holds spectators spellbound. Already the performers have been signed, at handsome salaries, for a series of appearances in Paris and Vienna.

## Boy, 7, Who Routed Thief With His Toy Gun

TIME, and again Mrs. Morris, of Slough, England, lost patience with her son John for playing "cops and robbers." John didn't seem to mind where he was cast in the role of a thief or represented a crime-avenging "bobby." In fact he seemed to find the game more interesting when he went around outwitting his young friends who emulated helmeted constables or plainclothes operatives of Scotland Yard. Mrs. Morris, a strong believer in the old saying about the tree bending as the twig is inclined, sometimes punished her son for hanging around the premises with his toy pistol



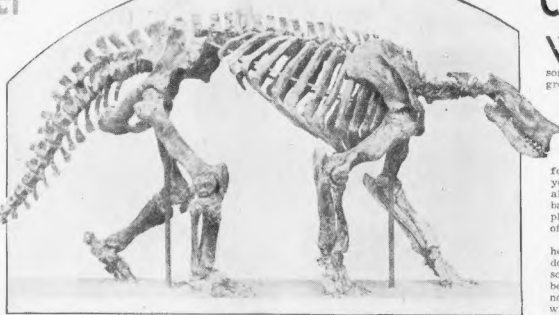
and demanded that he play gentler, more constructive games.

Johnny's mother still thinks that "cops and robbers" is not a fit game for boys but so long as she lives Mrs. Morris never will forget how John, just turned 7, went into effective action when a burglar made the mistake of breaking into their house. The marauder woke up the lad and his mother when he upset a chair in his prowling about the kitchen. Mrs. Morris was, as she herself afterward admitted, scared stiff. But John, welcoming the opportunity to play "cops and robbers" in real life, grabbed his toy pistol and tiptoed downstairs. His mother signalled for him to stay where he was, but he didn't.

With a stealth born of long practice the boy reached the kitchen door, put on his best policeman's expression and "jinged" the intruder with a marked command to "stick 'em up." Completely surprised, the burglar turned, scrambled through the back door and ran across the yard to the street.

John gave chase and was a disappointed "cop" when he saw the man climb aboard a bus and escape. But his mother was a proud and relieved woman and, next day, when the newspaper photographers came around, she put up no objection when they suggested that the young hero get his gun and show them—while they clicked their shutters—just how he repulsed the culprit.

John Morris, 7, Who Frightened the Bold Burglar Away From His Home in Slough, England.



Bony Framework of the Titanoides Faberi, Which Lived About 50 Million Years Ago. The Skeleton Is at the Field Museum, Chicago, and Is Part of the Collection of Fossils From the North American Continent.

## Bones of the Earliest Large Mammal

LITTLE by little the scientists who go in for that sort of thing are piecing together the interesting picture of animal life of prehistoric times in what is now the United States. The newest addition to the already large collection of brutes that roamed the North American Continent millions of years ago is the complete skeleton of a beast which has been given the rather formidable name, Titanoides Faberi, and put on display at the Field Museum, Chicago.

This fellow, who went down to extinction along with a lot of other creatures like the vicious saber-toothed tiger and the ponderous dinosaurs, was unearthed in the fossil beds of eastern Colorado and the depth and condition of his sturdy bony framework led

the discoverers to believe that he was alive and looking somewhere between 40 million and 50 million years ago.

As prehistoric romancers go, this early inhabitant of America was not big. He stood only about three feet high at the shoulders and was less than nine feet long, counting his long and flexible tail. The rows of strong teeth in his ugly jaws indicate that he lived on a diet of flesh and of vegetable matter, too.

The "critter" might well have been something of a scrapper because he has heavy but well-formed leg bones put together in such a way that the scientists judge he was as fast as well as strong.

## Antelope Herd Attacked By Eagle

FROM time to time stories have been told to discount the supposed courage of the eagle, the bird picked as a symbol of the United States. But, if the recent behavior of a lone eagle in the great open spaces of Texas is typical of his high-flying breed, then Americans can be proud of their national mascot.

The story, as told by Andrew Prude, a ranchman who saw the eagle do his stuff, is this: "I was driving along the highway that runs between Fort Davis and Marfa when I saw this eagle, a big fellow, ahead of me. He was scaling high above a herd of antelope numbering 10 or a dozen animals. All at once the eagle swooped earthward like a fighting plane and made straight for the herd."

"The antelope were a surprised and a scared lot and they leaped about in confusion with the big wings beating over their backs. Then they bunched together and started to run—and don't forget that the antelope is the fastest thing on four legs in this country."

"They covered ground a lot faster than I like to drive my car, but the eagle was too good for 'em and didn't seem to extend himself keeping pace with the herd. Once or twice he seemed to settle down on their backs as though he was attacking them with his beak. I don't know whether the eagle bit at the antelope or not, but it looked that way from a distance. It's the first time I ever knew of an eagle to pick trouble with full-grown animals."

## Caddy is Always the Goat

WHEN the Portuguese Conquistadors let loose a flock of wild mountain goats on Catalina Island, California, back in the early days of the Sixteenth Century, they didn't dream that some of the descendants of those fractious, sure-footed animals would grow up to be golf caddies. They couldn't have, because the early settlers of Catalina skirted the shores of the West Coast long before the Scotch had thought up the ancient and honorable pastime of knocking little white balls around with clubs.

Anyway a great many people go to Catalina to play the sporty golf courses there and some of these folks will have four-legged caddies like those shown in the photograph below. The young woman is Miss Hermine Sierks who reports that the goats are all right at carrying bags but that they are of no help at all in locating balls driven into the rough. And even if they did have this accomplishment, it is likely that they would make a hunch of the balls instead of standing by until the player caught up with them.

The goat caddies of Catalina demonstrate in an interesting way how creatures become domesticated by long association with human beings. Time was and not so long ago either, when the goats of the island—originally put there as a source of food supply—were as wild as cots.



Miss Hermine Sierks, Golfing on Catalina Island, With Two Tamed Mountain Goats Serving Her as Caddies. The Animals Are No Good at Finding Lost Balls.



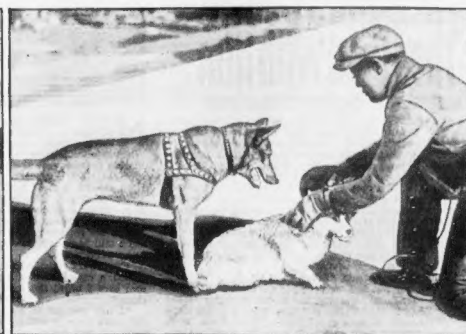
# How Tag, the Dog-Catching Dog, Lost His Job



Tag Approaches Ingratiatingly a Prospective Victim for His Master, the Dog-Catcher.



Having Gained His Confidence, Tag Throws Him and Holds Him Down Until His Master, the Dog-Catcher, Comes Along With His Noose.



And Then Watches With an Appreciative Smile the Little Brother He Has Betrayed Being Trussed Up for the Dog Pound.

**If He Hadn't Gotten So Ambitious and Lured Pampered Pets From the Safety of Their Homes When Trade Was Dull on the Streets, He'd Still Have It—And It Was the Only Job of Its Kind in the World, Too**

**T**AG, the dog-catching dog of New Castle, Pennsylvania, has lost his job. Also, he has lost his master, Jack Young, the town's Dog-Catcher and Keeper of the Pound, his job. Before he was fired, Tag was the only dog of his kind in the world.

His enemies called him the Judas dog. He is a famous character who has had his picture in the papers both here and abroad.

Tag didn't lose his job because of inefficiency. He lost it because he became too good. He grew to love his work, not wisely but too well, and wouldn't keep union hours, and instead of scouting around the streets and arresting strays he began to lure, caress and seduce pet pups from the safety of their yards and porches out into the streets, where they had no right to be, but, being there, became the legitimate prey of Mr. Young, the dog-catcher.

"Come on out and have a frolic," he would bark, and then with canine blandishments, so work on the emotions of the good little stay-at-homes that they would trick out to join him. Or, if that didn't do, Tag would make them very angry, yelping insults and making derisive gestures until they could stand it no longer and rushed out to argue it in closer quarters.

After that it was the nose and net of Mr. Young and the city's pound for the betrayed one. Mr. Young, besides his salary, collected \$2 for the ears of the strays he killed in the pound, had a salary and other emoluments.

For a year or more Tag has been a bone of contention among the 50,000 population of New Castle and he was one of the issues of the Mayor's campaign by which was elected Charles McGrath, the Mayor who fired Tag and Mr. Young, who is a gentleman of color and in years back was a first-class prize-fighter, who slugged 'em under the title of "Pump-handle Jack."

Outside of the personal irritation of those whose dogs had been betrayed by Tag, there were many who thought it actually immoral to allow a dog so to betray his own kind.

Young trained Tag, a pure-bred Alsatian police dog, for his job when he was a puppy, and says he is the only dog-catcher dog in the world.

Tag at work is a sight to cause admiration or fury, according to one's point of view. With Tag sitting beside him, Young drives slowly around the city, especially where there have been most complaints. Both are looking for the same thing but Young has to watch traffic, so usually it is his assistant who spots the game first and announces it, with a soft, "Woof!"

Sighting along Tag's long, thin snout, Young sees a stray dog, without leash, muzzle or license tag. The car stops, Young lets his helper out and leisurely follows with a wire lasso.

A tramp dog is usually alert and would shy away from a man approaching with a coil of wire, but what it sees first is a police dog prancing toward him, mouth open in a genial grin and his heavy, club-like tail swinging in a gesture of friendliness. Even Tag's staunchest friends admit that he practices

deceit, which amounts to telling a downright lie in dog language. If the pariah dog is friendly, Tag sniffs him over and may even play with him to kill time until the master arrives with the lasso. Then the canine vagrant without visible means of support finds himself in the dog patrol wagon, on his way to the dog jail.

If the stranger is big and hostile, Tag also takes that attitude and the pair do the usual slow, stiff-legged circle around each other, accompanied by ominous growls and showing of teeth. Often just as Young gets almost within range, the stranger becomes suspicious and starts to run. Instantly Tag jumps him.

It is a little dog, Tag bawls him over with his paws, holding him down until his superior officer makes the arrest. When the dog is big and powerful he simply jumps onto the fugitive's back and rides him. Unable to make any speed with this ride the stranger stops to get rid of the heavy incubus. But Tag sticks to him like a cowboy, until the two-legged reinforcement arrives.

All this was strictly within the law, and Tag and Dog-catcher Young would probably still have their jobs if it hadn't been for Tag's ever-increasing ambition. Although the Humane Society debated many times about the essential wrongness of setting a dog to catch a dog, and invented the appellation of Judas-dog to describe him, they might not have gotten to the point of forbidding him to keep on

working if it hadn't been for his deplorable duplicity. After all, it was pointed out, if it was all right for the police to set a thief to catch a thief by using steel-pigeons, why was it wicked to set a dog to catch a dog?

But Tag got more and more wrapped up in his work. No body denies that if there were strays around, Tag went for them first. But if trade was dull, then why not do a little high-pressure salesmanship? He could see no reason why not, and the letters and personal complaints began to pile in on the Mayor.

There was one from Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, school teacher, for example: "This evening we happened to look out of our front window and saw the dog-catcher's dog trying to coax our little poodle dog Tony out of the yard to play in the low method he uses to get dogs."

"I ran out of the house and got there at my dog's side just as his dog had snarled by the throat and was shaking it thoroughly."

"The dog-catcher was just beginning to place his wire snare along the dog's neck. I went to grab hold of my pet when he kept calling 'Get 'em, Tag.' He even swore at me. His dog, Tony, said that I would get within reach of

Tag, the 'Judas' Dog, Who Betrayed Other Dogs Into the Hands of His Master, the Dog-Catcher.

ours, kept dragging Tony along the roadway on the broad of his back away from me.

"Upon bringing the dog into the house I looked to see if it was injured in any way and found that there were big tooth marks on the back of its head, and his left ear had been mangled with him, and his dog kept holding onto Tony's ear."

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Tony, the Poodle Who Succumbed to Tag's Blandishments, But Got His Revenge by Having Tag and His Master Fired.

"Gigolo," a Spitz That Saved the Lives of His Master and Mistress, Taker and Was Then Lured by Tag From His Home, One of the Betrayers That Cost Him His Job.



Gigolo, a Spitz That Saved the Lives of His Master and Mistress, Taker and Was Then Lured by Tag From His Home, One of the Betrayers That Cost Him His Job.

adopted waifs, they run wild most of the time. But I ought to have known I'd lose my job if I displeased a school teacher."

But many others were displeased, including a young high school girl, who told how her little dog Slick was enticed by Tag from his own doorstep. She said:

"I was coming down the street, returning home from school. I saw Tag in front of my house. Slick was on the porch."

"Then Slick ran out to play with Tag. Tag jumped on his back and put his legs around his body. Slick seemed puzzled and barked and growled."

"Then the dog-catcher came along and slipped a wire lasso around his neck and pulled him back and put his legs around his body. Slick seemed puzzled and barked and growled."

"I told him to let my dog go. He said he didn't have a license. I told him that I would get one, but he still refused and said I would have to pay 50 cents."

"So I went in the house and got 50 cents that I had been saving to see the movies with that night. None of the boys and girls around our neighborhood like the dog-catcher."

There is a profound political truth in the young lady's last statement. A dog-catcher has the worst political job in the world. If he does his duty conscientiously and efficiently, not only the children but many grown-ups will hate him and demand his discharge. Yet if he does not catch them, the dogs multiply, run wild and become such a plague that presently there is a howl from tormented property owners to fire the lazy man, not for not catching them.

The final, fatal and unparaphrased error was when Tag betrayed a dog he named "Gigolo," right before the eyes of the mayor. His Honor, sitting in a city council meeting, glanced out of the window and saw Tag with a good-looking white Eskimo Spitz, crossing a bridge. That same evening Mrs. Robert Gorst telephoned the police a long and frantic story. She said that she was a cripple, her husband sick and bed and that their lives depended on the presence of their smart little Spitz dog, Gigolo.

The Gorst's heating apparatus gets out of order every little while and twice the dog's barking has saved them from suffocation. She could not go to sleep unless they returned her missing Gigolo to her. After learning that he was a pedigreed son of a champion and all that, the sergeant inter-

rupted to ask if she had any idea where the dog might be found.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gorst, "at the pound. The children say that Tag dog of the dog-catcher lured Gigolo right off the porch."

The police found Gigolo at the pound and Mrs. Gorst had to pay 50 cents to redeem him. But it was just about the last fee that Young was to collect because the mayor turned him out of his job a month ago.

When a police dog turns against the law he can be equally efficient, as proved by "Lightning," the jail-breaking dog of Syracuse, N. Y. One afternoon the dog-catcher brought in a 145-pound German police dog, without any license tag or other identification.

The system in that particular canine jail is that newcomers are placed in cell number one, from which they move next day into number two, unless someone buys their freedom, then into three until finally on the eighth day they reach the execution chamber, where the unrepentant are painlessly put to death by gas. The only way for Lightning in the first cell to get out of the cell block and into the main part of the jail was to turn eight knobs and open eight doors. He not only did this twice but two other doors once and would have delivered himself and all the other prisoners but for hard luck and lack of cooperation.

Lightning waited until night-keeper Frank Janola had gone to bed in his apartment upstairs. Then he opened the eight doors, letting himself and 19 other prisoners out of the cell block. Before he could get through the remaining two doors to freedom the dogs tackled the carcass of a deer, donated by a hunter and scheduled for next day's dinner.

They made such a racket that Janola came down and put them all back in their proper cells according to the numbers around the necks. It was a lot of hard work and Janola blamed it on someone who must have picked the front lock, opened all the cell doors and then run away frightened at the uproar of the dogs, without rescuing his own.

Returning from a busy cup of coffee, he saw the front door knob being turned from the inside and braced himself to catch the intruder. A man slipped out. Instead of a man out came the big police dog. Before Janola could shoot, the dog had kicked the door shut, six other prisoners escaped. Again Frank had to put them back in their proper cells except the missing ax.

Thinking a ghost must be doing this thing, Janola, instead of going to bed, spied on the jail block. After a while he saw Lightning take the knob of his cell door in his mouth, turn it and let himself into the next one and then through three more doors to the main part of the cells. At this point Janola intervened, taking Lightning upstairs, determined to watch him all night.

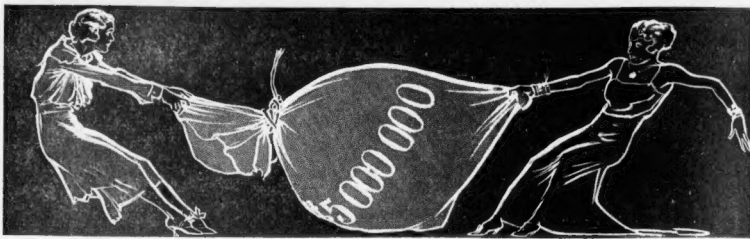
Fortunately the dog never saw Mr. Clarence L. Smith, son arrived to pay the jail-breaker's ransom and reward him. His pet had been opening doors that way ever since he was 20 months old.

It would be interesting to see if Tag could arrest Lightning.





# Why the Barber's Daughter Must Fight For Her Cinderella Millions



**The Bitter Struggle Between Old Automobile Pioneer Willys' Second Wife and Daughter, Who Would Strip Her Stepmother of the Riches Left Her in His Will and Even Her Name, Though She Risks Losing Everything Herself**



Mr. Willys and His Second Wife, Florence, Peacefully Contemplating the Garden of His Florida Mansion.

**FLORENCE DINGLER DOLAN** WILLYS, poor but beautiful daughter of a famous barber, was a successful Cinderella, but a grasping one, according to charges in a suit brought against her by her stepdaughter, Mrs. Virginia Willys de Aguirre de Landa. And she's not going to be allowed to keep one single thing that her somewhat elderly Prince Charming showered on her in his will—that is, not if Mrs. Virginia Willys de Aguirre de Landa can prevent it.

The stepdaughter avers that the stepmother vamped John North Willys, very wealthy automobile manufacturer, into divorcing his faithful wife of 37 years, marrying Florence, handing over \$2,500,000 while he was alive and leaving her 65 per cent of \$5,000,000 more when the aged multi-millionaire died after only a few months of strenuous married life, trying to keep up with his youthful wife.

The former motor magnate's daughter won't even admit that the barber's daughter is really her stepmother, asserting that the marriage was fraudulent and referring to her as the "so-called widow." About the only relationship she recognizes between the lovely Florence and the late Mr. Willys is that she was his intimate sweetheart for five years before the disputed marriage.

These startling assertions are the opening guns of a suit in the Florida courts to break Mr. Willys' will and strip Cinderella of all of what he left her. The daughter is taking considerable risks by fighting her stepmother because, if she fails to break the will, she will forfeit her own 35 per cent interest in that \$5,000,000.

Mrs. Florence Willys says she will not only prove her right to wear those valuable widow's weeds but that she did not vamp the rich man away from his happy home. Nor did she use undue influence in letting him force all that wealth into her hands. "They may not have been exactly reluctant hands but that does not make them grasping."

And could she help it? After 37 years, Mr. Willys had become tired of his wife or that it happened to be love at first sight when age and millions looked into the eyes of youth, poverty and beauty, on a Channel steamer? What if she were born the very year in which Willys was being married to his first wife? The astrologers all testify that this means the stars had made

their later conjunction inevitable.

She also denies the daughter's charge that for five years before marrying Mr. Willys she had been his intimate sweetheart. And if Florence was Cinderella, her jump to wealth was no more amazing than that of the man she captivated. John North Willys was selling bicycles in Canandaigua, N. Y., when he went to New York City and, looking down from a high building, experienced love at first sight for the first time in his life.

It was not a blonde, but the first "horrible carriage" he had ever seen. "The thing was just a luggy, whipsnocket and all, steered by a tiller and driven by a 24 horsepower motor—less than most motorcycles have today. But it had a top speed of 15 miles an hour which was all the love allowed in those days. Willys promptly deserted the bicycle for this new marvel. He had orders for 500 automobiles when in 1907, the first Roosevelt panic and depression blighted the country and he heard that the factory was in trouble.

Willys arrived at the company's headquarters in Indianapolis on a Saturday evening and learned Sunday morning that the concern would go into the hands of a receiver Monday because they lacked \$350 of enough money at the bank to take care of the workmen's pay checks.

The main difference between that depression and the present one was that in 1907 the Government would not help anyone but then neither would it interfere and hurt any struggling business man. Thousands, like Willys, pitched in and saved themselves as well as laying the foundation for large fortunes in the following years of prosperity. Banks were failing, money was being hoarded and nobody wanted to cash a check. But Willys managed to get his hold to dig up enough to cash his for that needed \$350.

This gave the company another week of life during which Willys by herculean exertions raised some more and stood off the most insistent creditors. The agony went on for many weeks but the next year the company showed a profit of \$52,000 and the following



Mrs. Virginia Willys de Aguirre de Landa, in the Costume She Wore When Presented at the British Court.

one cleared a million. A few years ago Willys sold out his interest for a figure said to have been more than \$20,000,000. This gave him leisure he had yearned for, to travel, collect art and best of all, to get acquainted with his wife and child from whom business had separated him, except for brief intervals. But, as so often happens when big self-made business men get time to know their families they don't like them any more. At least that is the theory Florence advances for what happened. But the mother and daughter deny that there was any boredom in the family until, as Virginia charges, Florence deliberately stole the rich man's love.

Or, as Virginia's attorney, Edward E. Hoenig, said: "We accuse the widow of undue influence and sinister motives. My client is so incensed at this so-called wife that she is taking a chance of losing her part of the estate."

Florence is the daughter of a barber—but what a barber! Perhaps one of the most skillful that ever lived. For instance, in 1914, when William Gibbs McAdoo, then Secretary of the Treasury, was about to marry President Wilson's daughter, he wanted, in order to be worthy of the occasion, to have the best shave and haircut that mortal hands could give him. So he had the world's greatest tonsorial genius, Charles F. Dingler, come to Washington from New York City.

Among those who admired his job on the bridegroom's countenance was Andrew Mellon, who later became Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mellon knows genius when he sees it and made

his daughter Florence, meanwhile, was preparing herself in the best-known manner for a Cinderella career by winning several beauty contests in Washington and vicinity, finally becoming a cloak model in New York. There for five years she was friendly with Supreme Court Clerk Harold J. Dolan and found him so congenial that finally she married him, just for love.

But soon after they were married they became uncongenial and in six months she left him. This was in 1920 and she was 29, not too late yet to cash in as a Cinderella but she would have to hurry. Scraping a little money together, Mrs. Dolan went to Europe and met Mr. Willys crossing the English Channel. A queer fact about this meeting which Virginia says she so deeply regrets is that it was due entirely to her that it happened.

When Willys sold out, just before the 1929 crash, he first employed his new leisure to help his wife and daughter get a little further into New York society. They had bought a box at the opera, a mansion at Palm Beach, maintained a magnificent apartment and all that but it was not quite enough.

One of the best ways to polish up one's social halo is to be presented at the Court of St. James, but on her way over to London to receive this honor Virginia fell in love with an Argentine sportsman, Luis Marcelino de Aguirre. Much against her father's wishes, she married him. It was to attend this wedding in London that Mr. and Mrs. Willys were on the same Channel boat as Florence.

As at the time she saw that horseless

carriage, this was love-at-first-sight, but Florence says that virtually nothing happened for the next five years. It is said that lots of important things happened between them, including the passage of a million and a quarter dollars from her father to Florence. Mrs. Willys and her daughter say they knew of their father's infatuation, but put up with it in the hope that he would get over it.

It grew worse, however, and after his return from being the first American Minister to Poland, Mr. Willys told his wife she must give him a divorce so he could marry Florence. The day the Florida courts gave her the decree, Mr. Willys married the barber's daughter, saying that he had settled \$7,500,000 on his first wife. She denied that he had settled anything but explained that she had let him have his freedom, though it broke her heart, because he had always been such a generous provider, as well as an affectionate husband in the past and therefore she thought she owed him this one favor, without sticking him for any alimony.

Her daughter did not see it that way then or now. Mrs. Florence Dolan had obtained a divorce also in Florida and it is this one which Virginia alleges was fraudulent, thus making the marriage to her father equally so.

Meanwhile Virginia had divorced her first husband after two years and married another Latin American, Jose de Landa, son of the Governor of Mexico City. All this time Mr. Dingler went right on with his deft touch giving close and painless shaves to many of the most famous countenances in this country. Florence was never presented at court but she knew that her father could have been a royal barber and presented her personally had he chosen.

Mrs. de Landa intimates that the barber's daughter inherited that same deft touch, asserting that during her father's brief second marriage life it acquired her another million and a quarter and got him to write herself into

the will for 65 per cent of the remainder of his fortune, a little more than \$3,000,000, while Virginia received the remaining 35 per cent of the remainder estate. To discourage any legal hostilities from Virginia, the will contains a stipulation that anyone who contests the will shall be cut off entirely.

Mrs. de Landa, however, has elected to take that chance. Just after Mr. Willys' death, a melodramatic scene was staged in his New York office, according to the daughter's attorneys. The widow, Florence, calling at the office, saw an employee removing a certain paper from the safe. Without waiting to argue the matter, she snatched at it. At the end of a scuffle each left the office with one half of a torn and crumpled document.

Her opponent was Charles E. Mertz, for 25 years Mr. Willys' secretary, and the torn paper is said to be some sort of prenuptial agreement by which Florence agreed to waive her rights to the Willys estate. Whatever it was, the two halves, now neatly pasted together, are in the hands of Mrs. de Landa's attorney and Mertz is now working with her. In fact, he was the one who prevented the will from being probated in Florida by bringing what is known as a caveat proceeding, which means a warning that the will is likely to be contested. He was not mentioned in that will.

At the time of the marriage, Mr. Willys gave his age as 80 and the bride's as 37. Some thought the discrepancy was worse than that but Mr. Willys said there was no real difference because he did not feel his years. He believed that he was "just as young as he used to be" and could stand a gay honeymoon in Europe quite as well as his wife. But the penalty of not "being as young as she" was less than that he was in the cemetery.

In her suit, Virginia goes so far as to say that her stepmother used undue influence in getting her father to hand over that money and to will her another fortune and that she then vamped him into a mental and physical breakdown causing him to die.

She attacks Florence's divorce from Dolan on the ground that Mrs. Dolan was not a resident of Florida at the time and that Mr. Dolan connived at it by making an appearance in court though no summons was ever issued and he was never served.

Mrs. de Landa, who is joined in the suit by her present husband, asks that Florence's marriage to Willys be declared void, which would deprive her of any dowry rights in the estate. Also she wants the quarter alleged to have been handed over while Mr. Willys was on top of this that Florence be forced to return the second \$1,250,000 given to her while Mr. Willys was under the impression that she was his wife.

Curiously enough, there is no attempt to make Cinderella return that million and a quarter alleged to have been handed over while Mr. Willys was still married to his first wife and Florence was unquestionably still Mrs. Dolan.

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# The Kiss That Lasted 1200 Years

Mystery of an Ancient Hungarian Burial Ground Like a

Graveyard of Romeos and Juliets Where the Skeletons of Men and Women Were Found Locked in Loving Embrace



"Les Noyades," the Cruel "Marriages of the Seine" During the French Revolution, When Youths and Maidens Were Bound Face to Face Together, Taken Out in Flat Boats, Then Sunk Beneath the Waters and Drowned.

And love, grown faint and feeble,  
With lips but half-revealed  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Of eyes that once endured.

SO SANG Swinburne, the English poet, but in an ancient burial ground in Southeastern Hungary, archaeologists have uncovered a kiss that had endured for at least 1,200 years, even if the love had not.

There in one grave lay a man and a woman, side by side, and locked in each other's bony arms, skeleton lips still touching. The man was lying on the left of the woman, his right arm encircling her, and her right arm was thrown across his shoulder.

M. Gabriel Csallany, director of the municipal museum at Czenes, the leader of the archaeologists, looked down upon the skeletons in astonishment. Never had he seen nor heard of such a burial.

What was the explanation? Had both of them died together, and had their love been so great that those who interred them had placed them in this position? Or had one of them died and the other sought the loved one in death after providing for their strange burial?

The skeletons were left as found and another grave opened, and there was another couple in almost the same embrace. The man and the woman were arm in arm. Her right arm, like the woman's of the first grave, was flung across his shoulder. Her fleshless head, resting on his shoulder, was still looking up into his face with socketless eyes, while his skull bent down to her tenderly.

Around their necks as a further symbol of constancy was a long necklace of bronze beads encircling both their necks as though to fetter them for eternity.

In a few days a half-dozen of the graves containing these embracing skeletons were uncovered. The old burial ground was apparently a cemetery of unknown and unnameable Romeos and Juliets. Perhaps their love did not endure beyond the grave, but obviously those who buried them thought it would.

Another strange thing was that the couple in the first grave were quite poor, for no ornaments were buried with them. But the pair in the second grave were surrounded by valuable ornaments, indicating they were wealthy and members of the ruling class—perhaps a prince and princess. More important still, at the feet of this wealthy young couple were the skeletons of two slaves who had been killed and buried along with them, to serve them in the after life. Also, in a crouched position, the man's horse was buried nearby, probably so he and his wife would not have to make the long journey to the nether world on foot.

These two young couples were obviously at opposite ends of the social scale. In between, were found various other couples, some near the top, some in the middle and some near the bottom of the social scale—judging by the number and value of the ornaments in the different graves.

Various primitive people have made a practice of killing a man's widow and burying her along with him. But if that was the custom of this ancient race, the Avars, how did it happen that no old men were found with young wives? All the men and women were about the same age, somewhere between twenty and thirty.

Furthermore, none of the women's skulls were fractured nor the skeletons mutilated in any way. On the other

hand, the slaves found with the wealthy couple had had their skulls cracked open, so there was no mystery as to how they died. They had simply been knocked over the head. But, there was nothing at all to show what had caused the death of the master and mistress, or any of the other couples.

Perhaps they had been stabbed through the heart, for in that case, there would have been no indication of it on the skeletons. They had not been buried, for in that case the bones would have been charred, and, furthermore, it would have been virtually impossible to bury them in an embracing position.

They might have all died of disease, but M. Csallany did not think so. The couples were scattered over the burial ground, which covered a wide area, and this convinced him that they had not all been wiped out by some common disaster, such as a plague.

In the contrary, he thought the various couples had died at different times, some perhaps long before others were born. That being so, it seemed unlikely that year after year two young people would die at exactly the same time from natural causes.

But why would all of these young couples, of varying degrees of prominence in the community, or no importance at all, be buried in the same unusual position, unless there was some special significance to it?

They might have been executed for violating some ancient tribal custom that was binding on both commoners and nobles. Or they might have all been sacrificed, maybe to some Goddess of Love, selected at intervals by lot without regard for social status.

But if they were executed, what was the reason? And after they were killed, why were they buried locked in each other's arms? Perhaps they were not married at all and had been forbidden to love each other, but had defied authorities and been killed for it. In that case, such bitterness would be far more in keeping with the stern, warlike character of the Avars than tenderness.

Granting that they may have been executed or sacrificed, there is still nothing to explain how they were buried. Some ancient custom, such as the blood-thirsty Carriers did with many of his victims during the cruel "Water Weddings," "Les Noyades" of the French Revolution. Then their bodies might have been recovered and buried. But this would have had to be done before the setting in of rigor mortis, or the stiffening of limbs that comes soon after death. Otherwise, it would have been impossible to arrange their arms in embracing positions.

Perhaps they were buried alive. This is entirely possible, considering the way the skeletons are locked in each other's arms and the fleshless mouths

of the skulls pressed together.

In no case is there any evidence of a struggle against death, but this can be explained by the possibility that these victims of execution or sacrifice—if that is what they were—were first drugged. Thus, indifferent to their fate, they perhaps lay down in their graves, put their arms around each other and pressed their lips together for one last long kiss.

As the drug began to take effect, and unconsciousness stole over them, they would not be disturbed by the earth that was being thrown on top of them. They would lie still, close together, and not fight for life. At the last moment, just before their hands were completely covered, perhaps the high priest reached over and stopped their nostrils with wax or mud, so death would come quickly. In this way concluding the sacrificial ceremony without causing anyone undue distress.

"Citizen" Carrier, the infamous butcher of the Loire district, or the other hand, was in no way so humane. Agent of the French Revolutionary Convention at Nantes, he invented the pitiless "Noyades." The term simply means "drowning," but is sometimes translated "Water Weddings" and cynical French Revolutionaries even called these mass slaughters "Republican Marriages."

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The victims would be stripped of their clothing and paired off, in couples, each man tied to a woman, face to face. If they were old friends, or husbands and wives, so much the better. If not, it did not matter.

Loaded in barges, they would be pushed out into the river. Then removable planks in the bottoms of the barges would be knocked out, and "Citizen"

An Old Engraving of a "Suttee" in India. The Ceremony by Which a Wife Was Compelled to Take Her Place Beside Her Dead Husband and Burn Alive on a Funeral Pyre.

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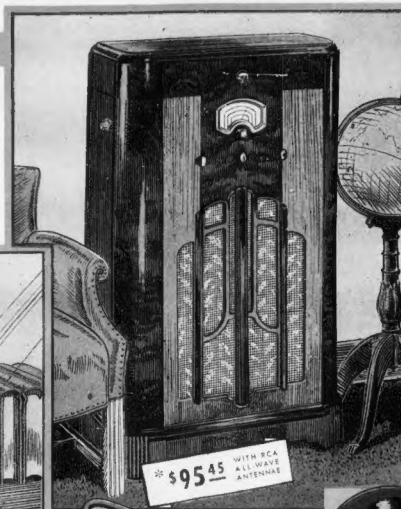
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The new RCA Victor Radio makes reception clearer and more satisfying than ever before. It is as though Europe and the Far East have become next door neighbors to our own United States.

**Free!**

**1155 RCA VICTOR MODELS T6-1**—A 6-tube Superheterodyne—tuning range of 540-18,000 kcs. Clear reception of domestic and foreign programs, police, aviation and amateur calls. Beautiful cabinet of walnut and Oriental wood veneer. Height 19 1/2", Width 13 1/4", Depth 8 1/4".



**LILY PONS**  
As a musician, I want my radio to be a musical instrument. And that is why my choice is an RCA Victor Magic Brain Radio.

**Free!**

**215 RCA VICTOR MODELS C8-19**—An 8-tube Superheterodyne with Magic Eye and new Magic Brain—tuning range of 540-18,000 kcs. Clear reception of domestic and foreign programs, police, aviation and amateur calls. Two-toned walnut finish cabinet. Height 39", Width 25 1/4", Depth 12 1/4".

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN YOUR OWN WORDS...USE ANY NUMBER OF WORDS YOU PLEASE!

"Camay is my Beauty soap because..."

Make this one of the luckiest days of your life! Make this day bring years of pleasure for you and your family! Make this day put you among the 1471 winners of big cash and RCA Victor radio set prizes. (Read this page carefully—every word of it.) It's news of one of the greatest and most liberal contests ever to appear in your lifetime!

**Pictures Can't Tell the RCA Victor Story SEE THE RADIOS THEMSELVES**

These are the very latest RCA Victors—the finest and most advanced radios made. No picture can convey the qualities which make them stand out above the crowd—the clean loveliness of tone, the matchless performance on foreign or domestic stations, the ease and precision of tuning, the warm beauty of cabinets fashioned as only a musical instrument can be. YOU MUST SEE THEM to be convinced of their utter desirability...to fully realize the sensational character of an offer like this. Don't delay. SEE THESE SETS!

Frankly—We Want to Introduce You to CAMAY

Why do we make this generous offer? ... Simply because we want to introduce you to Camay's perfect skin care...to make you familiar with Camay's

gentleness, its rich, fragrant lather, its extra mildness. For in actual tests upon women's skins, Camay was definitely, provably milder than other beauty soaps...it has put the bloom and freshness of youth upon women's skins everywhere. Camay can bring new skin beauty that you can see with your own eyes—bring new skin smoothness that you can feel with your own fingers. We know that if you will try Camay once, you'll want to use it forever.

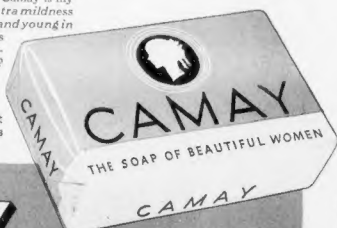
**Use Camay—Find Out How It Works for Beauty**  
Here's all you have to do to enter this great contest: Use Camay. Find out what perfect care it gives your skin—see how your complexion improves. And then, in your own words, just finish this sentence: "Camay is my beauty soap because..."—using any number of words you please. For instance, you might say: "Camay is my beauty soap because its extra mildness keeps my skin smooth and young in all weathers, at all times of the year." Could anything be easier, or simpler?

**See Your RCA Victor Dealer—Today!**  
Listen to these radios at your RCA Victor dealer's

store. Inspect these new Magic Brain, Magic Eye, All Metal tube sets. Hear their fine tone. See their beautiful cabinets. Make up your mind—now—to try Camay and try for one of the great prizes offered by Camay.

**It's Simple, Easy—You may Win \$3,000 in Cash or an RCA Victor Radio Set!**

Anyone may enter! Anyone may win! Surely, after you have tried Camay, you can write a letter that will put you in the group of 1471 prize winners. Send as many letters as you like—but accompany each with 3 Camay wrappers or facsimiles. Act now. Don't delay. Don't put off your chance of winning. Read the rules below. Begin today to try Camay and see for yourself how Camay will improve your complexion. Contest closes May 5, 1936.



## 1471 BIG PRIZES!

1st PRIZE \$3,000 IN CASH—294 RADIO SET PRIZES GUARANTEED IN YOUR SECTION OF THE COUNTRY

1st prize \$3,000 in cash for the best sentence received. For the 294 best sentences from each of the 5 zones, Camay will award 294 prizes of RCA Victor Radios.

These 294 prizes will be awarded in each of the prize zones listed below.

**26 RCA Victor Radios Value \$155.50\* Each**  
**43 RCA Victor Radios " \$95.45\* "**  
**231 RCA Victor Radios " \$55.45\* "**

- 1 Maine • Vermont • New Hampshire • Massachusetts • Rhode Island • Connecticut • New York • New Jersey
- 2 Pennsylvania • Michigan • Ohio • Kentucky • Virginia • West Virginia • Delaware • Maryland • District of Columbia
- 3 North Carolina • South Carolina • Georgia • Florida • Alabama • Mississippi • Tennessee • Louisiana • Texas

- 4 Arkansas • Oklahoma
- 4 North Dakota • South Dakota • Nebraska • Kansas • Iowa • Minnesota • Missouri • Illinois • Wisconsin • Indiana
- 5 California • Oregon • Washington • Idaho • Montana • Utah • Nevada • Arizona • New Mexico • Colorado • Wyoming • Hawaii

## JUST READ THESE EASY RULES!

1. Complete this sentence—"Camay is my beauty soap because..." using any number of words you please.
2. Print your name and address plainly on your entry and attach 3 Camay wrappers or copies thereof.
3. Mail your entry to Camay, Box No. 28, Cincinnati, O. All entries must be postmarked before midnight May 5, 1936. Send in as many entries as you wish provided each is on a separate sheet of paper, bears your name and address, and is accompanied by 3 Camay wrappers or copies.
4. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality, sincerity and applicability. Antoinette Donnelly, Martha Leavitt, Beauty Editors and Elsie M. Rushmore, National Consultant, will be in charge of the judging and their decisions will be final. No entries returned. Complete list of prize winners will be announced in the August 1st issue of Liberty Magazine, on newsstands July 22nd.
5. Anyone may enter except employees of Procter & Gamble, members of their families and their advertising agencies.
6. Contest applies only to United States and Hawaii and is subject to Federal, State and Local regulations. Entries and contents thereof become the property of Procter & Gamble.

\*Prizes quoted above are P. O. B. Camden, N. J. Delivery to prize winners prepaid.

**Listen in—"Forever Young,"** Camay's great new radio show...for real entertainment and full details of the Contest. Listen every day, Monday through Friday, at 3:00 P.M., E.S.T. to WEAF and N.B.C. Red Network. See your local newspaper for broadcast time of "Forever Young" in your locality.

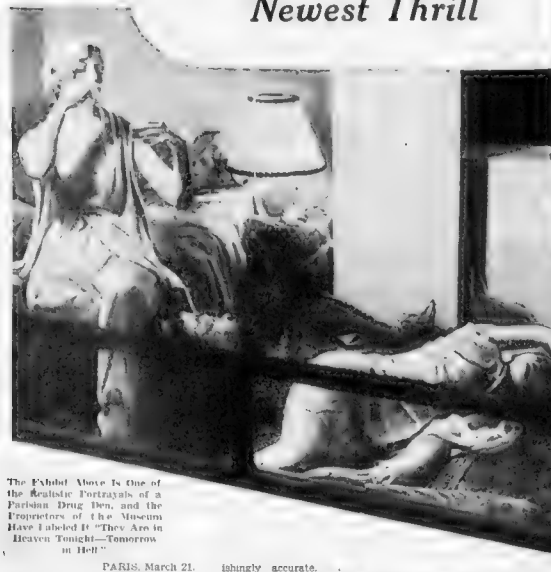
# CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



# Strange New "Chamber of Horrors" in Paris

**Dingy Drug Dens, Famous Murders and Famous Murderers, Without a Single Unpleasant Detail Missing, Are Perpetuated in Wax for France's Newest Thrill**



The Exhibit Above Is One of the Realistic Portraits of a Parisian Drug Den, and the Proprietors of the Museum Have Labeled It "They Are in Heaven Tonight—Tomorrow in Hell."



The Scene Shown at the Top of the Page Is in the New Wax-Works Museum and Entitled Simply "New York," and the Proprietors of the Chamber of Horrors Assure Visitors That It Is a Typical Scene in a New York Spookhouse During the Prohibition Era. Below, The Fensive Young Man Is a Famous Murderer Who Stuffed the Body of His Sweetheart, Stuffed It Into the Box at Which He Is Staring, Cemented the Box Tight and Buried It in the Thick Walls of His Room.

PARIS, March 21. ANYTHING can happen in Paris, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Chamber of Horrors, a museum of wax figures and tableaux, is the most realistic and terrifying of its kind in the world. The museum, which is located in the heart of the city, is a place where visitors can see the most famous and terrifying scenes of Parisian life. The museum is a place where visitors can see the most famous and terrifying scenes of Parisian life. The museum is a place where visitors can see the most famous and terrifying scenes of Parisian life.

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The Famous French Swindler, Stashsky, Is Portrayed in This Wax-Works Tableau. Stashsky Is the Man Seated in the Center of the Picture, and the Woman Behind Is Ariette, His Beautiful Wife.



The Museum Portrays the Above Scene From Devil's Island, Showing the Escape of Four Convicts Into the Jungles.

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# HELP MAJOR BOWES GIVE MORE AMATEURS A BREAK!



MAJOR BOWES GETS HIS CHANCE—Major Bowes, the famous radio personality, is the one who gives amateurs their chance to shine on the N. B. C. Red Network.

*Through your daily purchases of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee, they get their chance for work, fame*

**TWIN SUCCESSES!** Dorey and Dorene, the Shedd twins, said their folks were too poor to let them go to college. But they had to work in a department store. When the Major asked how it happened they wouldn't on the stage. They said all they needed was a break. They got it on the Amateur Hour, went right into a Unit!



**BRAVE MOTHER GETS BREAK**—Anne Chase supports herself and three children by doing washing, ironing, and cleaning. But she won a limitation free on the Amateur Hour audience. The song she sang was "My Love."



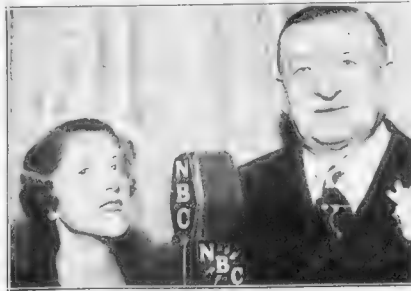
**"HOROKEN FOUR" WIN HEARTS—AND JOBS**—These four "Horoken Four" work in a silk mill, in the early morn'g, but they don't get paid until they come to Major Bowes, but they are singing and dancing. So they got them four good jobs with a Unit!



**JUST A BOY, MAKES MAN-SIZED SALARY**—Dave Sengal, 12, a mimic out of the planetary. On the Amateur Hour, he gave my sons of Times Square, a war of the blaze, an S. O. S. call, and an airplane, so we'd that he was now doing it on a Unit—all over the country.



**FROM TEARS TO TOUR**—Rhoda Fawcett wept when she got to the microphone. But Major Bowes persuaded her to sing. She went over big—went out with a Unit!



**MONTREAL GIRL MAKES GOOD**—Yvette Doyer of Montreal, worked as salesgirl, as practical nurse. She could sing, too, and, without any instrument, give a realistic imitation of violin music. Amateur Hour listeners liked her so well, she signed herself right into a Unit.



**EX-WAITER SINGS WAY TO SUCCESS**—Hany Kong worked as a waiter to get money to study singing. On the Amateur Hour, he sang in the Chinese and American style. Now he's on a Unit where he can sing all the time.



**EVERY TIME** you buy a bag of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee, you help bring new hope and opportunity to hundreds of amateurs.

Keep on buying this fine, fresh coffee that gives the amateurs their chance—and gives you richer, fuller

flavor at an economical price.

Chase & Sanborn Coffee is fresher because it's dated. Rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer—every pound marked with the date of delivery. And no bag of Dated Coffee stays on your grocer's shelves more

than 10 days. You know it's fresh!

It's economical because it's packed in the new, money-saving bag. Buy a bag of Chase & Sanborn Dated Coffee tomorrow. Listen in every Sunday evening over the N. B. C. Red Network.

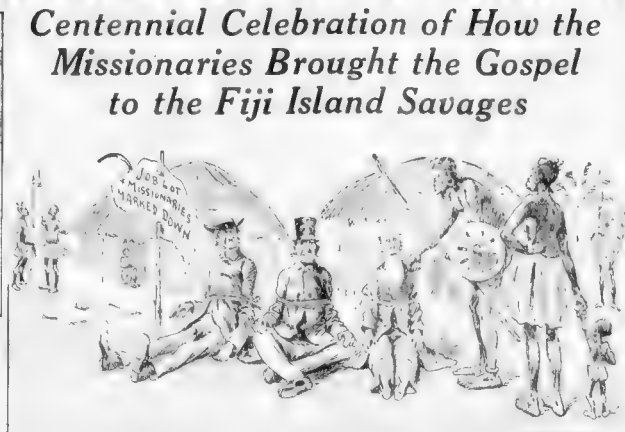


# Free Canibals to Christians in 100 Years

## Centennial Celebration of How the Missionaries Brought the Gospel to the Fiji Island Savages



AN APPROACHING FESTIVITY.  
FRANCE LUTHERAGO (to Newly-Arrived Missionary) -  
Will Take Dinner With You Tomorrow! (From an old  
Time Canibal Joke.)



LUCKY THANKSGIVING.  
CANNIBAL CHIEF (Leading Missionary to the Cook  
pot)-At This Season of Thanksgiving We May Repose  
in Unexpected Good Fortune.



Fiji Cannibal Chief With War Club.



Cartoon in "Puck" Thirty Years Ago When the Fiji Islanders Were Still Noted for Cannibalism  
A Native Mike (Baker) at Naitonga. Fijian Women Diving a Performance in Honor of the Methodist Missionaries Who Visited the Islands on the Recent Occasion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Arrival of the Pioneer Missionaries, Cross and Cargill, Who Came From Neighboring Tonga and Set Themselves the Formidable Task of Converting a Race of Heathen Canibals to the Truth of Christianity.



A Bearded Fiji Island Cannibal With a Clay Pipe Which He Pries With.

JOKE about cannibals and missionaries used to be very popular and there was a fruitful foundation for most of the jokes and drawings of the comic artists. The scenes for the building of the missionary in the cannibal pot were mostly laid in the Fiji Islands and in this the joke writers were also correct. But the worthy missionary is no longer cooked and eaten by the Fiji natives and a picturesque celebration was held the other day to celebrate the centenary of the coming of Christianity to these heathen islands.

It was a hundred years ago that the first missionaries began their efforts to spread the gospel among these heathen savages. Many of the early missionaries were killed in the head and eaten, but gradually progress was made until now the reader can see by the pictures on this page how the children and grandchildren of the cannibals have been civilized and have enrolled as members of the various churches.

The islands were won by the natives of the islands of cannibalism and the missionaries of their religion. The missionaries of their religion found a people who were in a position to receive their chiefs and their religion. The missionaries of their religion found a people who were in a position to receive their chiefs and their religion. The missionaries of their religion found a people who were in a position to receive their chiefs and their religion.



Rejoicings in the Village of Matavaleva. Native Women Dancing in Front of Their Huts, and, in the Foreground, Some of the Mats Which They Brought as Gifts to the Visiting Methodist Missionaries. Among the Spectators Was Miss H. Baker, Who, for Over Thirty Years, Has Worked Among the Aborigines of Australia, and Who Is a Daughter of the Late Rev. Thomas Baker, the Fiji Missionary Who Was Killed to Death in 1862 by the Cannibal Mountaineers of Viti Levu.

Miss Grimshaw says a native girl, admiring the white lady's pink skin, softly sank her teeth into it, exclaiming, "Waka na kaka!" which means "What good food!" But that was the joke, for the girl was not a cannibal.

One of the most curious institutions which Miss Grimshaw found on the island was the pig. It was the pig that was the principal town and capital of the island. The pig was the principal town and capital of the island. The pig was the principal town and capital of the island.

The chief table delicacy used to be human flesh, or "long pig," as the Fijians called it. The Kankas as the natives are called, were savage and merciless, and human sacrifice was an everyday occurrence. When a chief died it was customary to bury his wife and slaves alive with him. When a chief's house was built, a slave was buried alive as a consecration gesture for each foundation post. At the launching of a war canoe, it was felt necessary to have a human ladder over which the keel of the vessel could be pushed into the water, the victims being tied hand and foot between two plantain stalks for this purpose.

The people accepted violent death easily because their religion taught them that there was a future life just as good around the corner. For this reason it was quite the thing to kill one's relatives if they did not get well quickly, and to top off old people as soon as they showed the first signs of becoming feeble.

A peculiar contradiction about the Fijians is that in spite of their appetites and their ferocity, they are al-

ways been hospitable, very generous and courteous. They are a proud and amiable people, with a delicate sense of humor and very tactful, although some of the earlier missionaries did not enjoy the humor of being cooked and eaten. They have always had an elaborate system of social etiquette, with six definite castes. First, come the chiefs, then the priests, then the employers, men-servants, and a sort of white-collar class without a white collar, fourth a group of low birth who have distinguished themselves as fighters, fifth, the common people and lastly the slaves. Slavery is a word that has been stamped out now, but there is still the underdog class of virtual slaves.

The original Fiji religion was a sort of ancestor-worship, with two classes of gods, the first immortal and the second rank made up of the spirits of chiefs, heroes and other ancestors. The second-class gods stood well above mortals, but could share their joys and sorrows and could even die. Heathenism was handed down from father to son, and as a class the priests were very strong.

The Fijians are very fond of amusements, especially dancing, story-telling and songs. The native poetry shows an understanding of meter and rhyme. Their music is rude, and always a major key, in contrast to the plaintive minims of the Hawaiians.

Cooking was always a high art, with the preparation of "long pig" always to be considered the cook's masterpiece. The natives often prepare for a feast months ahead of time, with the result that much of the food originally chosen has spoiled by the time the cook gets around to it again.

In the old days, a good Fijian to go to mourning had to fast, shave his head and face, and cut off his little finger. For this reason there was hardly a grown person in the islands, among the

natives who had little fingers. The missionaries of their religion found a people who were in a position to receive their chiefs and their religion. The missionaries of their religion found a people who were in a position to receive their chiefs and their religion. The missionaries of their religion found a people who were in a position to receive their chiefs and their religion.

The islands were discovered by Abel Tasman, for whom Tasmanian was named. In 1843, later visited by Cook in 1774, and Captain Bligh of "The Bounty" fame had a brush with the natives when he touched there in 1789. The natives had such an evil reputation as cannibals, however, that they were pretty well left alone until an American expedition went there in 1853. Missionaries came from Tonga and through their teachings some of the terrible heathen practices were stamped out.

Both the United States and Great Britain were invited by the natives, after much civil war, to annex the islands, and England did so in 1874. So many Indian coolies were introduced for work in sugar cultivation that the native Kanakas were almost forced out of the picture, but the Kanakas hate work and did not care. A terrific epidemic of measles in 1875 swept away

# WITH A HUSKY BREAKFAST BEHIND HIM!



HE'S A BRIGHT BOY  
IN SCHOOL..



For clear thinking and alert minds, 20 million children need nourishing, well-balanced meals. But capricious children, their foods must digest without over-taxing the system. That's why Shredded Wheat is the favorite breakfast of thousands of children. It digests quickly and easily! And it's a truly breakfast, a real meal, packed with the vitamins and iron that growing bodies need. Each particle of golden-brown Shredded Wheat is porous, permitting the digestive juices to absorb quickly the nutritive food essentials.

Ask for the pack  
show  
N.B.C. 10  
red N.B.C. 10



## SHREDDED WHEAT

THE NATIONAL BREAKFAST

**"MY CHILDREN CERTAINLY THRIVE ON  
CRISP, DELICIOUS SHREDDED WHEAT"**



It's only natural that Shredded Wheat supplies so much naturally  
mentally alluring, Mother Nature blessed whole grain with her most  
perfect 100% of vital food essentials. And Shredded Wheat  
is 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away!  
You get carbohydrates, vitamins, mineral salts and proteins  
—the essentials that build energy and endurance, that promote  
and body growth and help keep you feeling fit. Put Shredded  
Wheat on your shopping list today! Serve it at least once a  
day—the whole family will enjoy it. And as an extra treat try  
it with your favorite fresh or canned fruits or berries.



A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





# New Secrets of The Sureté, The French Detective

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Labor.  
and Associate of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, Gives  
Striking Examples of the Science  
of Crime, Together With  
From the C



Miriam Hals in Her Role as an Apache as She Accompanied the Police to the Underworld Dance Hall.

(CHAPTER V.)

By H. Ashton-Wolfe  
Former Assistant of the Famous Dr. Bertillon, of  
the Sureté (French Detective Police)

(Continued from Last Sunday)

**R**UNNING up the dimly-lit, worn stone steps leading to Bertillon's office in my usual headlong fashion, I almost cannoned into the portly form of Monsieur Paul Richter, Juge d'Instruction of the First Criminal Section, who was progressing in stiff little jerks, wheezing and gasping for breath and despite the lateness of the hour evidently making for my chief's office. I thought it likely I should be wanted soon; it was not often a magistrate called in person unless something quite untoward had happened.

The expected peal on my bell came almost immediately, and hurrying downstairs again, I found Bertillon's visitor reclining in our most comfortable chair and sponging his face with the feverish movements of a man exhausted by anxiety.

"Monsieur Richter has told me a queer story," my chief said. "He is very worried on account of a young man, Paul Hals, who has disappeared most mysteriously. His mother is an old friend and he has promised to take a special interest in the case. I've warned him we've vainly searched for days now—with no trace. I had come to the conclusion it was just an enormous excursion, but I was wrong. If it has been found—dead! And there are some very unusual features. Come along, I've told Rousseau to wait downstairs with a car."

"But it's late," I began, blammering, "you can't—"

Bertillon cast a glance full of meaning and having decided to insist on the door, at once dashed out, leaving a muffled at his throat, and I, in a deeply preoccupied manner led the way to the Chief's Count where at night a fleet of cars was always on readiness.

Soon we were moving along the sanded avenues of the Bois—past Auteuil and over Surènes bridge, bound once again it seemed for the wide belt of wounded country bordering the western half of Paris. A stone was being set for a warm moist night, the breeze fresh, in lightning darkened clouds below the horizon. So we had left the city behind us, and were now in the country, where the wind was blowing and the trees were rustling. At the time of the day, the sun was setting, and the sky was a deep orange-red.

"This way," he said, pointing to the right.

"But you're taking the wrong way," Bertillon said, pointing to the left.

We stopped for a moment, and I saw a single file, until at last the guide held up his hand. "There it is, Sir, we've got the approaches guarded; I thought you might want to look for footprints so I've had a path of planks put down," he added proudly.

"Good man—report at my office tomorrow and I'll see you are advanced to the Paris section in the future."

Stepping carefully, Bertillon crossed the narrow, insecure boardwalk, evidently commandeered from neighboring fences, to where a huddled shape lay face down in the grass.

As he stooped and flashed his big Moissan light over it, a sudden exclamation of horror and sur-

prise burst from him, and dropping on one knee he began a swift but minute

examination of the unfortunate Paul Hals—a youth of about twenty-five, exceptionally handsome, although now the ghastly pallor of the face was revolting. Even the lips were a chalk white, and it hardly needed the ugly brown stain in the grass to convince me that the lad had lost an incredible quantity of blood.

"This is fantastic—shocking—" I heard my chief mutter. "I've seen the like only once. Left the poor fellow with care and carry him to the car. He was fleeing madly, blindly from some enemy, when he collapsed. Now, where's his trail? Give me the flare, Rousseau; here's a scarf he'd bound about his arm—pack it away—" He held out a bloodsoaked rag.

Suddenly he bent towards me. "Have you been using perfume? By Jove, no—it's his clothes—they reek of scent, and not one scent only. I can recognize at least half a dozen. Pah! How can any man—? Wait a bit though—hold him there—steady. And he made a rough sketch of the body, marking the spots that appeared to have been soaked with pungent perfumes.

As Rousseau lifted the unfortunate lad again the coat fell to the ground disclosing a deep ragged wound just inside his elbow.

"Good God—he's been torn and gnawed by some animal—a dog—" I cried, horrified.

"A dog—no; a wolf—a human wolf!" Bertillon retorted. "The old werewolf and vampire superstition seems to have had some basis of fact after all, eh? The main artery has been bitten through and his arm frightfully mauled for the sake of his blood. He must have lost a terrible lot before he broke away."

Shocked into silence, I followed my colleagues back to headquarters, where Bertillon at once requested an examination of the body to be made by Dr. Maupert, who had been routed out of bed in haste.

While partaking of a hasty meal at the canteen, Rousseau and I prepared the usual schematic outline of the case, a special wheel with the dead man as the hub and the spokes indicating the various phases of the inquiry—one of Bertillon's recent inventions. The first I was far advanced was when we were again summoned to his office.

"A most gruesome and uncanny case—" he began. "I shall want you to photograph the teeth-marks on the poor lad. Also the marks on wrists and ankles where he was bound. Half of his shirt and vest are missing—they were evidently ripped off, a rigid band seems to have encircled his waist besides. I wonder how he broke loose? He ran madly across country until his heart gave out."

"The question is—how far did he run? Tomorrow we'll try to pick up his trail, although I've little hope, for it's pouring with rain—just our luck. What's especially queer and grotesque is that he reeked of perfume. He was, moreover, wrapped in a rough coat not his own, for when he left home he was wearing dress clothes. He had spent some time in a common dance-hall, a place where the men chew coarse tobacco and throw their quids and cigarette stumps on the floor which I believe was sand in parts. There are traces of all this on his shoes."

He had drunk much cheap wine, yet he had also enjoyed a dash of brandy. I've found unmistakable signs that an anesthetic had been used on him. He had been with a woman with red-gold



The Entrance to the Infamous Bal Musette.

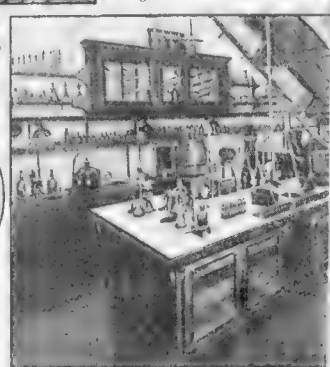


The Giant Perfume Spray Nearly a Foot Long, Out of Which Was Squirted Into the Victims' Faces the Stupefying Liquid.



The Bloodless Body of One of the Victims, Reeking with Heavy Perfume.

Micro-photograph of One of the Hairs Found by the Detectives, Showing the Perpetrator of the Crimes Wore Various Colored Wigs.



One Corner of the Great Chemical Laboratory at French Detective Police, Where All the Appliances Skilled Laboratory Scientists to C

jewelry and a ring or a bracelet scratched his neck and cheek when she kissed him. I should say she was heavily made up too and wore a dark blue silken dress or kimono, embroidered with golden figures.

"He was overpowered some time last night," Bertillon continued, "and wounded—as you saw; but he must have got loose or been released almost immediately. I should know if he had wrenched himself free—but he didn't!"

The perfumes puzzle me almost as much as the wound—and yet I don't know—I have a vague theory already. I feel sure, moreover, that the many disappearances of young men reported lately—the first about six months ago and the last about two weeks—are linked with this murder. Hals left home three days ago, apparently in the best humor. He was seen in various dance-halls and then vanished.

"Mr. Richter believes that these young men fell into the hands of a gang of apaches who call themselves 'The Wolves of Belleville.' The name is suggestive, eh? Yet I cannot imagine that type of criminal committing such a grotesque and gruesome crime—unless they wanted to terrify someone in a spectacular manner. They may have taken to holding people for ransom; but somehow that theory doesn't convince me. Besides there's the man—or woman—with the red-gold wig to be explained."

"A decoy perhaps?" I suggested.

Bertillon nodded: "Yes—that's always possible. But I'm more inclined to think there's a sadistic madman at large. He must be a powerful fellow—to overcome these young men single-handed."

"Where does the woman come in then?" I asked.

"I think she's just someone with whom Paul Hals dined, but she's innocent of this crime. Still if we can find her she may be able to tell us where the lad went afterwards. You might talk to his family when you've rested. Tell them we've no news yet. Take Inspector Louys with you and find out what you can of the lad's habits and frequentations. He was a mechanic I believe, but since the strike that cut so many skilled men adrift he found he could earn more as instructor in the dance-halls. Let me know at once if you learn anything worth while."

When I got back to the laboratories that evening, Inspector Louys was waiting to accompany me to the dead man's family. He suggested that we should visit some of the popular dance-halls afterwards, dressing ourselves in the dandified fashion of the professional dancing partner since

thus we might more easily pick up useful information.

The house was in the populous Bastille district; I was greatly surprised, therefore, when a young and deliciously pretty girl—obviously the dead lad's sister—came to the door. Her fine eyes narrowed ominously at sight of us, and it was with visible reluctance she invited us upstairs. "If you've come for Paul, he has not been home for several days," she snapped. "Sure you didn't know? I have an idea you're spies. I shall want to know more about you before I let you go. If you've been sent by those apaches who have been trying to get him to join them it'll go hard with you. Paul may be young and foolish, but he's honest, and he'll never have anything to do with your dirty schemes. He told me all about you, and he was right. Paul has probably gone abroad for a time just to get away from you—"

Her fine eyes glittered dangerously as with sudden resolution she slipped past us and stood defiantly before the door.

"Stick 'em up!" she cried pulling a small revolver from under her apron and leveling it with a steady hand.

At this unexpected turn of affairs Louys roared with laughter, but instead of allaying the girl's suspicions, this only angered her the more.

"Laugh, my lad, laugh. Here, Bella—" to the younger sister who stood gaping, dismayed. "Fetch a policeman, I'll have these fine 'Wolves of Belleville' arrested!"

The phrase startled me. "Be careful, young lady," I said quietly holding up my hands as bidden for I saw she meant business. "That thing may have a hair-trigger, and if you shoot me you'll get into trouble. We are from police headquarters and we came to make inquiries regarding your brother."

"A likely tale, a pair of dressed-up gigolos, as though the police would employ such as you, or bother about a poor devil like Paul."

"He's not the only one who's vanished," I reported. "Besides, it was M. Richter sent us, he knows your mother."

At this I saw doubt leap to the girl's eyes; the pistol never wavered however, and a moment later we caught the tramp of heavy boots and a policeman, who fortunately knew both of us, came into the room. Catching his eye, I deliberately winked at him, hoping to prolong a joke that was not without charm, for the girl was wonderfully handsome. But I'd quite forgotten the large mirror over the mantel, and that wink convinced Miriam Hals—for that was her name—more than a long explanation would have done.

She blushed furiously, and flinging the pistol on the table, dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands. A saving sense of humor came to her rescue fortunately, and she joked

**atories of Paris,  
Some More  
ntific Detection  
Photographs  
Official Records**

Only in our laughter; laughter that I checked  
 abruptly when I recalled the awful bloodless figure  
 in the field.

"You mentioned the Wolves, I think," I said when the policeman had gone, motioning her to sit beside me. "Tell me please what you meant."

She looked down, prettily confused. "Oh—I'm sorry—you see Paul had got into bad company with some woman or other he had met at the Arc-en-

Cal. She was rich, I know, for she made him several valuable presents—besides being young and beautiful. I believe Paul was more than half in love with her. Should have some of his letters to her.

She had gone to some of those apache 'Bals'—and the W. H. King had marked her down as loot.

the day. I think they meant only to blackmail, though. He came home in a towering rage--and frightened too."

"No, not exactly. I think I could recognize her from his description. Wonderful red-

gold hair—what's the matter?" for I had started  
the words "Dressed somewhat eccentrically;  
with a lot of these fashionable native trinkets—"

Look here will you come with us?" I asked on a sudden impulse. "There are several young men missing, the apaches have probably got hold

of them, and we may be able to catch the crooks by watching the woman. Your brother could of course have identified them—perhaps that's why—

I broke off just in time. "I mean—they may be trying to terrify the other nursing youngsters into helping them—meanwhile holding them pris-

"Why, of course I'll come. Wait till I dress." The usual picturesque crowd had gathered at

the dance-hall, but hardly had we found a table when my charming companion gripped my arm and, pointing to a handsome woman in black velvet

"There she is—that's the necklace Paul described to me. Also the gold-embroidered shawl. I know the man she's dancing with too. He's a friend

"But you said she had red-gold hair?" I observed. "His woman is dark."

"Yes, yes—I expect she's dyed her hair—she was terribly frightened of the apaches—Paul is very good at describing people, you know, and I'm

I watched the many whirling couples intently; I thought I should know the apache if I saw one.

But when at last, long after midnight, the woman threaded her way to the cloakroom escorted by her cavalier we had learned nothing. Fortunately

Louys had taken a car and we were thus able to follow the couple when they hailed a taxi.  
To my amazement, after what Miriam Hals had

"Down alone stairs we padded,  
then along another passage, of  
smooth cement this time and dipping  
steeply.

"Strapped to a massive upright pillar  
that evidently supported the floor above,  
his clothes ripped and slashed to rib-  
bons and hanging in a ragged heap  
about his knees, lay poor Louie. His  
face was twisted with suffering and his

ad he's right. If I were not afraid of

amazing skill to her present surroundings however, by simply wrapping a dingy, voluminous dark-gray shawl about her. It dangled in loose folds to the

"He swears he'll get you. Now. Take your girl out of here. Meester Dammert'd better

(Continued on Page 13)

(Continued on Page 15)





# THRU 50 YEARS

## *Making a pause refreshing*



Once upon a time a *pause* was only an idle moment. Then came the *pause* that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola. Its fame spread . . . from one corner in 1886 to "around the corner from anywhere" in 1936. Of course, it had to be good to get where it is . . . thirst-quenching . . . pure . . . wholesome . . .

delicious and refreshing.

The price 50 years ago was 5¢.

The price is still 5¢.

### **You can make any time refreshment time**

Whoever you are, whatever you do, wherever you may be . . . when you think of refreshment, think of Coca-Cola. For Coca-Cola makes any *pause* the *pause* that refreshes . . . and ice-cold Coca-Cola is everywhere.



In a cool, thin glass at a soda fountain, ice-cold Coca-Cola looks refreshing. Raise it to your lips . . . it feels . . . it tastes . . . and it is refreshing.

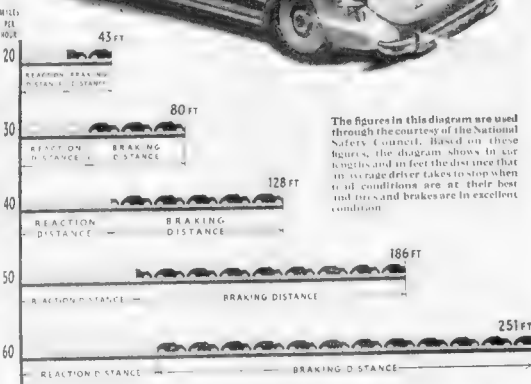


When you go shopping you get something you don't bargain for. You get tired and thirsty. Ice-cold Coca-Cola will refresh you.

Continued from Page 181

He said he still got around as well as a young man. Marjorie Hunter said she was the most spoiled and pampered child he ever had. He said he was the only one of the six who had a college education. He said he was the only one of the six who had a college education. He said he was the only one of the six who had a college education.

The figures in this diagram are used through the courtesy of the National Safety Council. Based on these figures, the diagram shows in car lengths and in feet the distance that an average driver takes to stop when road conditions are at their best and tires and brakes are in excellent condition.



after he applies the brakes the car covers at least another 84 feet.

The diagram does not include any allowance for delay in seeing the danger. It simply shows stopping distance for the average, alert driver. Many people take longer to stop their cars. Do you drive at a speed that is safe for meeting emergencies?



I've grown to  
Love  
my cat  
again

If you seal so will you

When your Repairman installs

# SEALED POWER

PISTON RINGS

She has been an IRLI Durrant... woman, like her husband, for a long time. She has been a member of the IRLI for many years and is a very active member. She has been a member of the IRLI for many years and is a very active member. She has been a member of the IRLI for many years and is a very active member.

**SEALED POWER**

**BUTTON WHITE, BROWN  
PINK & CUPBOARD  
WHITE PINE, VALVE,  
BIRMINGHAM SILVER.**

**FREE**

[illegible]

water presenter I had had, he began to dig.

Heapsaid he had excavated the place on Lapeer road to find a creek to which to pipe his water. He said, "Now he finds a creek, which is the source of the water that he takes to his place. I can't get it home."

We went out to find the creek. I can't seem to find it, but I can't seem to find the house if she has one.

(Continued on Page 26)

**For  
Better  
Driving**

Send for your free copy of  
"CALLING ALL DRIVERS"

Due to page illustrated books will interest all  
city and drivers as well as to drivers. A sampling  
of its many points on how to drive safely. Address  
R. K. Department 430, Inc.

**METROPOLITAN  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

100 WALL ST. N.Y.C.

100 WALL ST. N.Y.C.

FRANK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

**"OF COURSE I LOVE YOU-**  
but I'm crazy with this head"

**TERTS HELP EXITS QUICKLY**

**• A LITTLE LATER •**

**I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.**  
THAT'S A FACT! GUESS I'LL CALL THE WIFE AND DATE HER FOR A SNOW TONIGHT!

NEXT-MORNING headaches *needn't* keep you from your work or pleasure. They *can* vanish quickly with Bromo-Seltzer!

Bromo-Seltzer's cooling different remedies follow Bromo-Seltzer worked *faster* than any other remedy they tested! Done more for you, too. Soothes an upset stomach, calms the nerves, reduces excess lactic acid in the blood. Leaves you more alert. At any drugstore or soda fountain—keep it in your meals, too. *Now.*

**BROMO-SELTZER**

*Makes you feel fit FASTER!*

# BEER IS BETTER IN BOTTLES★



SEE WHAT YOU BUY  
... BUY IN

This advertisement is based on facts revealed in a series of scientific tests conducted by a nationally recognized, impartial research laboratory and on cost data compiled by certified public accountants. It is published only because some statements made in support of metal containers (such as the absurd contention that beer in cans has a "draught" flavor) are opposed to the best interests of the brewing industry and are liable to public misunderstanding. A certified summary of the findings that substantiate all statements on this page will be sent upon application to —  
GLASS CONTAINER ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA  
19 West 44th Street, New York City

These bottles keep beer clear and pure, with no change in taste or quality. They are the only bottles that keep beer as good as when it was brewed. They are the only bottles that keep beer as good as when it was brewed. They are the only bottles that keep beer as good as when it was brewed.

... BUY IN ...

... BUY IN ...



CONVERTS BEGINNERS—  
CONVINCES VETERANS!



**Frank MEDICO**  
This is the only...  
The Pine Filter  
that Really Filters



**AMBRÓSIA**  
THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER  
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY  
has the greatest circulation  
in the world because it's the  
most interesting magazine on  
earth.

...the most interesting magazine on  
earth.



there is a  
**BIG DIFFERENCE**  
in Permanent Waves  
So Remember this.

WHEN YOU USE the Frederics Vita-Tonic...  
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Frederics Vita-Tonic...  
Permanent Waves

**Frederics inc.**  
VITA-TONIC and VITRON  
Permanent Waves  
500 FREE PERMANENTS

# Wife-A-Day Lady

(Continued from Page 15)

...the most interesting magazine on  
earth.



"You're coming back to my apartment for dinner tonight, Sergeant?" Elizabeth asked. "A little while later. But of course," he replied, bending over her. "I'll be there."

## CHAPTER III

### An Unexpected Warning

CAROL...  
The first time...

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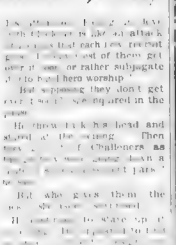
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# More Work Out of Your Sewing Machine



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# Soft, Young Skin FOR YOU



when you Melt away dead skin cells

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# Preferred to the Costliest Shortenings

...SELLS FOR MUCH LESS

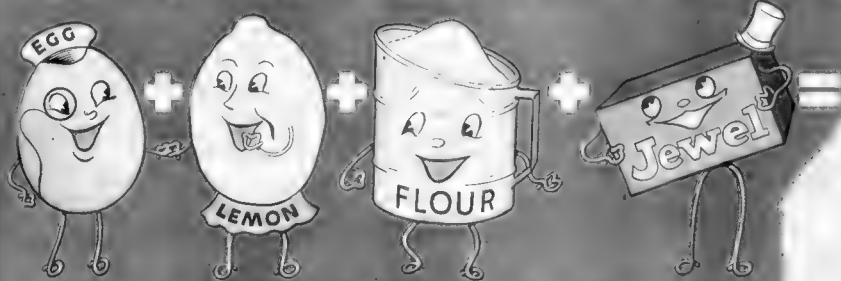


MRS. G.W. McMASTER, JACKSON, TENNESSEE, WHOSE RECIPE FOR A GLORIOUS LEMON CHIFFON PIE IS GIVEN BELOW. LIKE OTHER FAMOUS SOUTHERN COOKS, MRS. McMASTER PREFERS JEWEL SOUTHERN-STYLE SHORTENING TO THE COSTLIEST TYPES. FOR JEWEL MAKES MORE TENDER PASTRY, CREAMS FASTER TOO.



*The famous Shortening of the South*

Swift's Jewel Shortening is a pure vegetable fat, refined and bleached, and contains no animal products.



Look for **PIE MAKERS' SPECIAL** displays at your dealers!



IN FINE SOUTHERN HOMES, JEWEL SHORTENING HAS FOR YEARS BEEN USED FOR ALL BAKING AND FRYING; IT IS THE CHOICE OF NOTED COOKS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH.

JEWEL IS A SPECIAL KIND OF SHORTENING... A DELICATE BLEND OF VEGETABLE FAT WITH JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF OTHER BLAND COOKING FATS TO GIVE IT UNUSUAL SHORTENING PROPERTIES. BY ACTUAL TEST, JEWEL MAKES LIGHTER AND MORE TENDER BAKED FOODS, AND CREAMS FASTER THAN THE COSTLIEST SHORTENINGS. YET IT SELLS FOR MUCH LESS! SWIFT & COMPANY

**HOT WATER PASTRY:** Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Jewel in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water. Then add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour sifted with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder. Mix until stiff dough is formed. Chill in refrigerator for several hours, or overnight, before using. This amount makes 2 crusts.

**LEMON FILLING:** Soak 1 tablespoon of gelatin in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of cold water for 5 minutes. Mix together  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of sugar, 3 tablespoons of corn starch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of salt, the beaten yolks of 4 eggs. Add 1 cup of water and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Remove from fire, add softened gelatin, 1 teaspoon of grated lemon rind, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of lemon juice and mix thoroughly. Beat 4 egg whites until light and fluffy; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar and beat again. Mix one half of beaten egg whites with lemon custard and pour into baked pie shell. Spread top with other half and bake in a slow oven (350°F.) until delicately browned. Chill thoroughly in refrigerator before serving.





# Now America's old-time favorite is EVERYBODY'S WHISKEY!

## NEW LOW PRICE NOW BRINGS FAMOUS GREEN RIVER WITHIN REACH OF ALL!

Now Main Street joins Fifth Avenue to acclaim smooth, mellow Green River Whiskey. Now low-budget pockets join "high-hat" tastes in sharing real whiskey enjoyment. No more do you have to go up the price scale to buy quality whiskey. Green River, best of all blends, and finer than ever, has come down to everybody's price level.

Try a bottle of Green River at this lower-than-ever price. We wager that once you taste its matchless flavor, straight or mixed, you'll never again be satisfied with other whiskey.

OLDTYME DISTILLERS, Inc. • Chanin Building • New York, N. Y.  
Distillery and Warehouses located in Maryland, Kentucky and New Jersey



"I'm saving more money and buying finer whiskey—thanks to Green River's under-a-dollar price!"



# GREEN RIVER

## BLENDED WHISKEY

\*REFER TO YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR PACKAGE STORE FOR EXACT PRICE IN YOUR LOCALITY

# New Secrets of the Surete, the French Detective Police

(Continued from Page 20)

reputation of the neighbors was not entirely pure after dark. No doubt it had been part of her plan to create "the atmosphere" of a "red" district.

At the time of the attack on the Surete, the police were not aware of the fact that the woman had been in the district for some time.

The woman's plan was to create a "red" district, and she had been in the district for some time.

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The woman's plan was to create a "red" district, and she had been in the district for some time.

which is worse."

"I understand now why the chief was looking up witches and vampires the other day in his room," I muttered. "That's exactly what he's doing. He's trying to get rid of the 'red' district."

The woman's plan was to create a "red" district, and she had been in the district for some time.

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—were much plagued by a huge shadow who prowled about their

hubs on dark nights and ate their

chicken. The shadow was a big and

ominous thing, and it was the

shadow who was the cause of the

shadow's shadow. The shadow was

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in it, however. She had inherited

a number of old books which de-

scribe how certain witches con-

stantly revealed their youth by

vampirism and she well I'll

spare you the details. She be-

lieved not so firmly that ac-

tually in some strange fashion

she managed to restore her

youthful appearance tempo-

rary—

"But how—how can such a

thing—"

Don't ask me. I'm just relat-

ing what I know. The man be-

lieved the body and he, some

times, was very strange. (Continued on Page 27)

so powerfully that—well, any-

way—she believed firmly in the

existence of the personality. All

but she who suffered from queer

transcendence, which she

**FEMININE HEARTS NOW FLUTTER FOR JACK**

**I'M JEALOUS, BILL! WHO WAS THAT GIRL I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?**

**SAY, SIS, WHY ARE THE GIRLS SO CRAZY OVER BILL?**

**ALL GIRLS ADMIRE SMARTNESS, JACK. YOU'D LOOK SWELL IF YOU'D SHINE YOUR SHOES ONCE IN A WHILE**

**ONCE IN A WHILE! I JUST SHINED 'EM THIS MORNING!**

**THEY DON'T LOOK IT! USE A POLISH THAT GIVES AN ALL-DAY SHINE**

**SIS IS RIGHT. SHINOLA GIVES THE QUICKEST AND SWEETEST SHINE I EVER HAD!**

**THERE GOES JACK. DOESN'T HE LOOK GRAND?**

**YOU SHINE WHEN YOUR SHOES SHINE**

**MAKE feminine hearts flutter for you! Shine up with Shinola. See how a real shine gives you that natty, "all dressed up" look. Quick and easy. Because Shinola is made exclusively for home use... with imported Carnauba wax and deep dye that banishes scuff marks instantly. Sold in all colors at all stores.**

**SHINOLA**

**10¢**

**SHINOLA MAKES A POLISH, DYE AND CLEANER FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE**

# Double Enjoyment *guaranteed!*

**DOUBLY PROTECTED**  
2 Jackets of Cellophane—seal-in that prize tobacco double-mellow goodness and doubly insure fresh cigarettes.



Dear Smoker:

I mean business! You may have a "heavy crush" on a rival of mine, but that doesn't scare me! My proposition is this:

Smoke half a pack of me. If you don't say I'm the finest cigarette you ever tasted, mail back the remaining ten cigarettes, with my wrapper, to my boss (P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., New York City) and he'll send you double the price you paid for the full package, plus postage. This offer good for 30 days from date.

I'm not swelled-headed. But the plain truth is I am made of PRIZE CROP TOBACCO. And it's a rare smoker who doesn't find me a pleasanter companion.

Sincerely,

*Double-Mellow*  
*Old Golds*

## Keep Your Skin Young



with  
**Mercolized Wax**

Any complexion can be made smoother, clearer, younger with Mercolized Wax. This lovely cream absorbs the dried out, blighted surface skin in tiny invisible particles. You are not actually aware of this skin shedding, until you observe, or receive compliments on the natural loveliness of your young complexion.

Care for your skin regularly with Mercolized Wax. Its combined cleansing, clearing, softening, beautifying properties make it a complete beauty treatment in a single jar. Start tonight to bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax.

**TRY** Phetidine Depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Leaves skin smooth, soft and hair-free. Simple to use.

**SAXOLITE** Astringent is a refreshing skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores. Eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

At drug and dept. stores everywhere.

**THE HAPPY BIRDS BEGIN TO SING WHEN FLOWERS SCENT THE BREEZE AND SANI-FLUSH IS JUST THE THING TO CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE!**



Winter's rust and sediment are choking your radiator. Scale and lime deposits are interfering with the cooling system of your car... speedier ref. formance. You can clean out the radiator of your car in a few minutes, for ten cents, with Sani-Flush.

**Pour Sani-Flush** in the radiator (directions on can). Run the motor. Drain. Flush and refill. The deposits of the radiator are cleaned and opened. Antifreeze is thoroughly removed. The motor will run cooler, and longer. Sani-Flush is safe. Cannot harm aluminum head, black or chrome. You'll find Sani-Flush in most hardware, or discount stores. 25c and 50c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush Safe**  
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

**STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE**  
Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, allergic foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? Try quick and lasting relief with... Dr. Scholl's Onixol.

**Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL**

**INGROWN NAIL**  
**QUICK SAFE RELIEF!**

Buy from ingrown nail. Don't suffer another Dr. Scholl's Onixol in the crevice reliever this painful foot trouble! Soothe irritation and inflammation, hasten tissue aid in preventing infection. Safe and sure. At drug, department and shoe stores.

**Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL**

**THE GREATEST BOOK** of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

# Work-A-Day Lady by Maysie Greig

(Continued From Page 24)

longer," she began awkwardly.

He swung round towards her. "But of course we want you," he said, "at her share of the work. I want to know all about this new job you have made for yourself. Elizabeth was telling me about it and how you have brought many new clients to the firm. Come and sit down, let us talk this afternoon. When Adele arrives I shall begin work in earnest. But until then—"

He stepped his fingers, crossed his legs and reached across to where a box of cigarettes stood on Elizabeth's desk.

"Adele," Elizabeth said slowly. "Is that her name?"

He nodded. "Adele Delaware. A beautiful name for a beautiful girl. We will use her in that new series I am going to do for the Model Home Equipment Society. With her help I shall make those photographs the most wonderful in the world."

"You're so romantic, Serge," Elizabeth interposed in a cool, dry voice.

He pushed back his chair and jumped to his feet.

"Too romantic!" he exclaimed. "But Elizabeth—my dear, dear Elizabeth—I cannot be too romantic. Romance is the very essence of life. It is the icing, the exotic, colorful thing that urges you to cut deeply into the dull, stolid cake of life."

**New Secrets of the Sureté, the French Detective Police**

(Continued From Page 26)

would suddenly talk and act like someone else.

"When he married her, Richter didn't know she had been sent to a sanatorium twice. But after several such seizures they decided to live apart, each for himself. He knew nothing about that apartment, of course, nor about the little house. It would surprise them when she felt the attack coming on she went to the flat and changed from the respected wife of a magistrate into this vampire creature we saw."

"You are using the past tense," I asked breathlessly. "Is she—?"

"Yes—she was found early this morning in that lake near Ville d'Avray. Whether she lost her way in the dark, or deliberately committed suicide, we shall never know. I am glad, however, for poor Richter's sake. No one need ever learn the truth now. We shall report these murders as committed by Magdon Rouleau, the kiddy."

"I had practically guessed the truth that first night, but I wouldn't believe it. The nature of the wound, the terrible bloodless condition of the body—and those perfumes, all combined to give me an inkling. The woman's identity was a surprise, however. Towards the end I felt sure we should find the bodies of the others at Meudon."

"What we shall never know exactly is how young Paul—got away? Bertillon counted out a pause. 'I imagine it was Le Frise tried to save him. She had once taken the apaches to her apartment and he must have followed her to Meudon, intending to rob her.'

"What he saw when he burst into that cellar was too much for him. She stabbed him—it is true—but he managed to release poor Paul before he collapsed. You see, it was Le Frise's scarf had been about the lady's arm, and I found other indications. Le Frise was the only one of them all—had been stabbed. The others—well you saw. Another mystery she got the idea of acquiring a poison at their exit out of one of these boxes."

"The fact that the apaches called themselves the White was a feel sure just a coincidence. I've not dared to talk much with Louie yet. He's still a bit light-headed for he averts the woman changed in that cellar to a wolf. Hygienic suggestion, or a delusion due to the anaesthetic. Anyway, we'll leave it at that."

"One more thing: the bedroom at Meudon had never been used. One of the vaults was a regular beast's lair, with a bed of leaves and branches; and the ceiling range was all rusty from disuse, although she had bought much red meat from the local butchers. 'Well, put these dossiers away—I've carefully altered the names. I'll see to it that all traces of the woman's ghastly mania are destroyed, and Bannister has promised to cable a modified version of how Laure died to America. I sincerely hope we never have another such case!'"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Without romance one could not live, or rather, one would not wish to live. It inspires every human relationship, whether it be friendship or the grand passion. Even in the business world one could not get along without romance. I am a success—yes, but why am I a success?

"Because I have brought romance into an art which before then had been a mere commercial enterprise. I said I would photograph china and make it look so beautiful it would not be a mere illustration but an inspiration. I would photograph saucers in such a way that they would want to hang the illustrations on their drawing-room walls. And I have done all this, haven't I?"

"But you can't say the entire credit to a romantic outlook," Elizabeth protested. "You have certainly achieved your object, but you have done so more through hard work, determination, even—she smiled faintly—'genius'."

"Bah!" he said. "There is no such thing as genius. But

there's vision and a sense of beauty."

A little later, as she left the office, and was closing the door behind her, Carol heard Elizabeth say:

"You're coming back to my apartment for dinner tonight, Serge? I'm expecting you."

She asked it a little wistfully.

"But of course," he replied, bending over her enthusiastically.

"Where else should I dine the first night I am back with you, my dear Elizabeth? For weeks I have been looking forward to one of our cosy little chats in your delightful apartment."

That ought to make her happy, Carol thought. She wondered, apart from their business relations, how close were those two to each other? Obviously Elizabeth was in love with him, but how did he feel towards her? Carol sensed he respected and admired her, but was there anything else in his regard for her? And would this new model be too much for her? Adele Delaware, prove a complication or not?

That evening as she was leaving

Chickens, Jake stepped out from the shadow of the doorway and thrust his arm through hers. The gesture took her so much by surprise that she didn't attempt to draw away from him.

"I've forgiven you for marching out on me this afternoon," he said with a cheeky grin. "It was a hard fault, but my better nature won out in the end."

"You've forgiven me?" she spluttered.

"Yes." He nodded solemnly. "And now we're friends again. We could even kiss and be friends if it wasn't so public."

She found herself bereft of words. His cheerful impertinence had a way of rendering her speechless.

"Come along," he said, "we're going back to my apartment for supper."

"We're doing nothing of the kind," she contradicted.

"But we are," he assured her, his arm tightening through hers. "I've something important I want to show you."

A man inevitably has something important he wants to

show a girl when he asks her back to his apartment alone," she retorted sarcastically.

"You make me blush," he replied. "I meant I've been working on some pictures I'd like to show you. I'm working out a new angle on this whole photographic business."

He knitted his brows and frowned ahead of him as they continued to walk along. Carol didn't know why she was walking with him, but she had had a tiring day and not to have done what he wanted her to do would have required more effort than she had at that moment.

"I think I've struck something really good," he went on earnestly. "I've been working on it for six months now. I want your opinion."

"Am I supposed to be flattered?"

"Reasonably so," he affirmed. "You see I haven't asked anyone else's opinion yet."

"Why on earth should you want my opinion?" she demanded.

He turned towards her and looked her over quizzically.

There was laughter in his brown eyes, an impudent, provocative lift to one of his eyebrows. "Bliss if I know," he said. "I should like to think it because you're so damned pretty. That's a humiliating thing for a sane and practical man such as I most certainly am, to have to admit, isn't it?"

"I thought that first afternoon I modeled for you, you told me I was fat," she pointed out. The remark had rankled ever since. She didn't know why it should have. She told herself repeatedly that she didn't care what this young man thought about her or would ever think about her.

"That was different," he told her. "That first afternoon I was regarding you with a photographer's eye. Now, I'm regarding you with a normal masculine eye. You're not in the least too fat. You're just the way I like 'em."

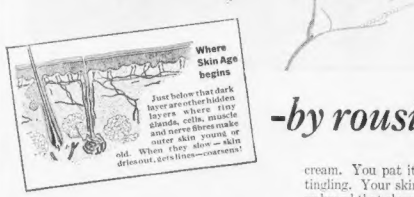
To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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## WIN BACK Smooth Line-Free Skin QUICKLY

**LINES, DRY SKIN**  
say: "Getting on in years"

**COARSE PORES**  
say: "Slim chances for good times!"



Just below that dark layer where tiny pores, oil glands, cells make up the outer skin you see—skin defunct, dry lines—coarseness!

**PRETTY SKIN** always wins friendly glances! It's not surprising that a coarse or a dull skin is the reason many a nice girl is hardly noticed. Blackheads, blemishes draw positive criticism. Men seem to think that a good skin just comes naturally!

But actually that good skin is something most of us have to work for—And can win!

When little lines come—blackheads, blemishes, large pores—it's a sign that under the skin you see, something has gone wrong.

**How to Reach the Under Tissues**

Look at the diagram of the skin above. See the nerves, cells, fibres, glands in the under layers. In your teens, these are busily carrying nourishment and bloom to your skin. When they slow, skin faults begin.

You've got to fight these skin faults off... rouse that faulty underskin. You can't—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream is made with specially processed fine oils which travel deep into the pores. Right away it softens the dirt and makeup—floats it out—and with it, the clogging matter from the skin itself.

Now your pores are free! Your skin is ready for a fresh application of this same youth-giving



Miss Isabel Parker has that exquisite but delicate type of skin which often gets tired early. Pond's Cold Cream does more than cleanse. It actually ends dryness—smooths away fine lines!

## -by rousing that faulty UNDER SKIN

cream. You pat it in smartly. Feel the blood tinging. Your skin alive! Glowing. You have awakened that sleepy underskin!

Do this regularly. In a few days note the definite improvement. Color livened. Skin toned.

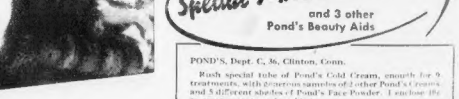
smoother. Softer looking. Soon blackheads, blemishes go. Lines soften. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer-textured. Once again your skin is firm, young!

**Double Benefits This Way...**

This famous Pond's treatment does more than cleanse. It brings to skin that fresh vital look that we call beauty. Here it is in a few words. Take it and make it your own!

**Every night**, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions... Wipe it off! Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that faulty underskin. Set it to work again... for that smooth line-free skin you want.

**Every morning**, and during the day, repeat Pond's Cold Cream treatment—Your skin becomes softer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.



**Eleanor Gould**  
now MRS. LUDLOW W. STEVENS, younger daughter of the late JAY GOULD, says: "Even the first treatment with Pond's Cold Cream made my skin seem finer, clearer. Used regularly, Pond's keeps my skin toned and fresh-looking. Not a line—not a blemish ever shows up."

SEND FOR Special 9-Treatment Tube and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. C, 36, Clinton, Conn.  
Each special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose the coupon postage and packing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_



*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,  
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency*

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# Buy on Proof!

## THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE "METER-MISER"

MEETS ALL 5 STANDARDS FOR REFRIGERATOR BUYING!



### MEET THE "Meter-Miser"

Quiet • Unseen • Trouble-Free

IT CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

The New Frigidaire's spectacular cold-making unit gives more cold for much less current cost because of outstanding design with only three moving parts! Permanently oiled, precision built, completely sealed against moisture and dirt.

### PROOF ① LOWER OPERATING COST

An accurate electric meter measures the amount of current used by Frigidaire and proves how little current the Meter-Miser uses. Compare it with others.

### PROOF ② SAFER FOOD PROTECTION

Frigidaire dares to build a Food-Safety Indicator into the center of the food compartment to prove that Safety-Zone Temperature is maintained throughout. Compare it with others.

### PROOF ③ FASTER FREEZING—MORE ICE

The Thermo-Gauge proves Frigidaire's ability to freeze larger quantities of ice—faster. Compare it with others.

### PROOF ④ MORE USABILITY

Wider, roomier, handier to use. Automatic Reset Defroster. Full-Width Sliding Shelves. Portable Utility Shelf. Double-Range Cold Control. Saves steps. Saves work. Compare it with others.

### PROOF ⑤ FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit—a marvel of outstanding design and engineering—comes to you protected for Five Years against service expense. Compare it with others.



On Guard!

FOOD-SAFETY INDICATOR BUILT RIGHT INTO THE CABINET Frigidaire dares to give you the Food-Safety Indicator—visible proof that foods are kept at Safety-Zone Temperature, below 50 degrees and above 32 degrees.

## America welcomes this safe, sure way to buy a Refrigerator

● On proof alone, they're marching into thousands of homes—these beautiful, durable New Frigidaires, with the spectacular Meter-Miser unit.

On proof alone, women are selecting Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. For Frigidaire combines these five vital advantages into one refrigerator—1. Lower Operating Cost. 2. Safer Food Protection. 3. Faster Freezing—More Ice. 4. More Usability, and 5. Five-Year Protection Plan. Here, at last, is the complete refrigerator—one that meets every requirement for ideal refrigeration.

And Frigidaire proves it! We urge you to see the "eye-proof" demonstration in any authorized Frigidaire dealer's store. It takes the guesswork out of buying refrigerators. It substitutes certainty for gamble. You will agree that no refrigerator is really "1936 value" unless it meets the

five basic standards. This year, buy on proved facts, instead of vague claims.

### Frigidaire's greatest triumph—the Meter-Miser

Chief among Frigidaire's betterments is the Meter-Miser—the new cold-making unit that cuts current cost to the bone... and keeps "Safety-Zone Temperature" inside the cabinet. This powerful little mechanism, with only three moving parts, does a giant's work on a pygmy ration of current. Precision-made and sealed in oil to insure trouble-free operation for years. Only Frigidaire has the

Meter-Miser—that's why Frigidaire saves money in operation, prevents food spoilage and offers a Five-Year Protection Plan. So amazingly economical is Frigidaire that it actually pays for itself, with money left over!

By all means see this New Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser. It will meet your approval, not only in performance, but in beauty and convenience, too. It is wider, roomier, more "usable" than ever before. This year, too, Frigidaire is equipped with a Food-Safety Indicator, visible proof that Safety-Zone Temperature is maintained

—even in the hottest weather.

Now, more than ever, Frigidaire is the ideal refrigerator for your home. And the proof awaits you in the nearest authorized Frigidaire dealer's showroom.

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE Exclusive Frigidaire Meter-Miser • Food-Safety Indicator • Up to 228 More Usable Space • Portable Utility Shelf • Full-Width Sliding Shelves • Automatic Interior Light • Frigidaire Hydrator • Super Freezer • Automatic Reset Defroster • Automatic Ice Tray Release • Quickcube and Rubber Grid Ice Trays • Double-Range Cold Control • Sealed Steel Cabinet Finished in Dulux or Porcelain • Stainless Porcelain in Seamless Interior • Touch-Latch Door Opener • Exclusive "F-14" Low Pressure Refrigerant • Five Kinds of Cold in the Same Cabinet • Frigidaire is Made Only by General Motors.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO



Look for this Name-Plate

Ask your Frigidaire dealer for Proof!